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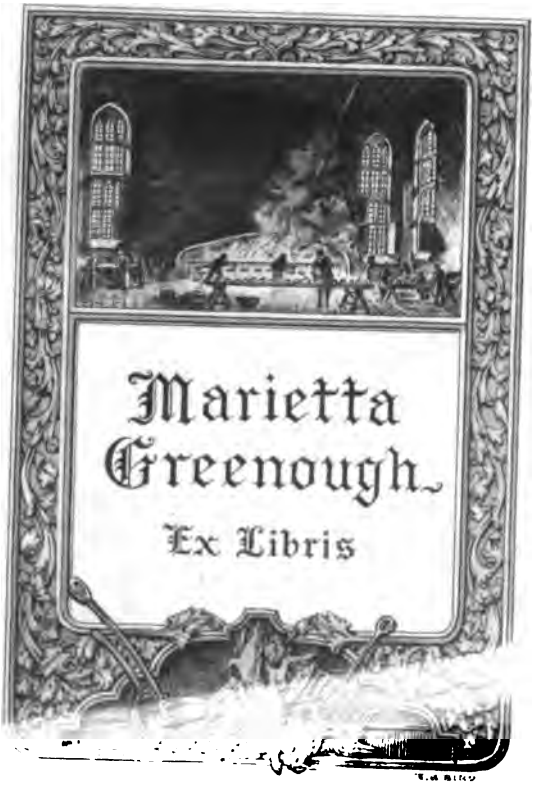

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MILLIONAIRE HOUSEHOLDS

MILLIONAIRE HOUSEHOLDS

AND THEIR DOMESTIC ECONOMY

WITH HINTS UPON FINE LIVING

BY

MARY ELIZABETH CARTER

D. APPLETON & COMPANY
NEW YORK - - - - - 1903

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TO ALL THOSE GOOD WOMEN, TRIED AND TRUE, WHO HAVE BROUGHT TO THE WRITER STORIES OF THEIR EXPERIENCES IN THE WORK OF WHICH THIS BOOK TREATS, THESE PAGES ARE SYMPATHETICALLY DEDICATED BY A DESERTER FROM THE RANKS OF SUPERINTENDING HOUSEKEEPERS

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MILLIONAIRE HOUSEHOLDS

CHAPTER I

FINE LIVING OR HOUSEKEEPING

HOUSEHOLD work may be compared to Penelope's web, ever being done and undone. The woman presiding over it should be wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove. Above all, to a high sense of duty unswervingly loyal.

Housekeeping, upon any scale, has various phases to be considered; phases shifting and complex. Yet, however they may shift and vary, one and the same principle governs within every house worthy the name Ideal Home. All others are mere dwelling-places.

Fine Living is not necessarily synonymous with the elegant or fashionable conduct of a house; though the three may be united under one management, this ideal depends chiefly upon the degree of spiritual development attained by those who preside over a household,

luxurious or simple. It is possible in a modest home to have Fine Living; albeit, in a small dwelling, as well as in large and handsome establishments, entire attention may be devoted to the exterior. In either case, each house will in its total management express the ideals fostered by those holding the reins of government. Tact, executive ability, and justice are absolutely essential qualifications. The conscientious housekeeper who is anxious to become familiar with her varied duties and obligations is brought into touch with many kinds of people and ways of living, in her own home as well as through the associations growing out of its general superintendence. She must know how to secure the most efficient service and how to adapt herself to difference of temperament; and those for whom she is acting must co-operate with her. To insure the satisfactory conduct of any house, whatever its size or elaboration, the superintendent must combine patience, tact, and executive ability with justice and kindness toward all within its walls.

Housekeeping should be ranked among the fine arts, and would be so ranked if the ma-

jority of those who are "*at* housekeeping" were *in* it and thus engaged from choice. Unfortunately, this is not the case. Through marriage, or some necessity, many find themselves obliged, against their own inclinations, to assume the duties belonging to a home. The consequences are usually sad—often disastrous, to all involved. It is not uncommon to hear women declare with emphasis that they "hate housekeeping." No one can do anything well while hating the work, unless governed by an unflinching sense of duty, and a conscience that permits no laxness; even then, the æsthetic touch that can only be secured through love of one's occupation will be lacking.

The loud and prolonged outcry against servants as a class unquestionably is due to inefficiency of the average mistress, past and present, quite as much as to servants' lack of training. The latter is an outcome of the former, because the ranks of housekeepers are constantly being augmented by women and girls untaught and inexperienced in the management of well-ordered homes. They know neither how to do nor how to direct the work

of their houses, and are, in consequence, ignorant of what should be required as a fair day's service from each servant. Domestic science interests them very little or not at all; yet, without a knowledge of it, houses can never become *homes*. This, unhappily, in no way interferes with the multiplication of so-called homes. They will continue to multiply as long as this planet is peopled by human beings like ourselves, dominated mainly by selfishness.

Since, however, it is proverbial that the prosperity of a nation may be measured by the number of its comfortable homes—never by the number of its luxurious residences; and since the peace and prosperity of a nation depend upon the development, peace, and prosperity of its individual units, it becomes our part of wisdom to seek earnestly for the means whereby a steady improvement in every department of domestic life may be assured. Practical acquaintance with the details of housekeeping one must, of course, have in order successfully to carry on any establishment, large or small. Much might be learned through the experience of those who may be said to have been graduated by long practise

as successful housekeepers, who are willing to impart their knowledge; and much by observation and conscientious experiments upon various improved ways and means. Unrelaxed vigilance is the price of perfection in any line of work; the superintendence of a home forms no exception to this inflexible rule. A house, to be well-ordered in every detail, then, must have at its head a competent and faithful person of ripe experience, whose conscience permits no shirking of its manifold duties and cares. Such a supervisor of a household is felt in every part of the establishment, from salon to kitchen, from attic to cellar,—even the indispensable garbage-can and its environment never escape her watchful eye.

A pregnant cause of friction in housekeeping is improper assignment of work—in a word, injustice. Whether an establishment be large or small, one of the first rules to be observed in its management is a thoughtful study of the division of labor. Nothing can be well done under the spur of too much haste, whether the haste arise from an injudicious apportionment of work in a house where a large corps of servants is kept, or in one where

the number of servants employed is disproportionate to the requirements of the household. Sometimes the strain is felt by all alike, but often in a small house the burden falls upon one or two. In either case, the remedy is measurably in the hands of the housekeeper. If efficient and just, she will be quick to observe when anyone is overtaxed and promptly devise methods for removing the strain.

Another fruitful source of inefficient service is the lack of leisure and privacy from which servants suffer. Whatever the grade of service, they are entitled to two hours off duty each day. That is little enough for lives as confined and hard-working as theirs. Few of us would undertake, for any compensation, a position where we must be incessantly, day and evening, at someone's beck and call, with a respite only once a week of an afternoon and evening off, and only half of every alternate Sunday. There are houses where even these brief intervals for rest and recreation are sometimes absorbed by sickness or unusual company, with little recognition of the injustice thus inflicted, no apology for it, and no payment for the extra time extorted.

Indeed, in some families, the post of general-housework woman is one of incessant bondage day and night. Her clothes are not supposed to need repairing, and she must rob herself of sleep if she would secure time to keep them in order and herself clean. In any house where only one woman is employed every member of the family should be self-helpful,—bear a fair proportion of the work and avoid increasing it unnecessarily. The woman hired by the month should have, and know, her special duties; and be able to get through and sit down, sometimes, to think her own thoughts, mend her clothes, read, or bathe, as she may choose, secure from interruption.

In a house where careful apportionment of work and consideration of the servants' rights are observed, we do not hear of constant changes, nor do we hear complaints of their worthlessness. The workers know, and gladly remain in a comfortable situation, while mutual respect and good-will reign within its walls. It is this mutual respect and good-will that make the Ideal Home, for they are the outcome of straightforward, strictly honest, and unswervingly just dealings toned and

elevated by consideration for the rights and needs of others. Though a servant's life is rarely easy, it can be made comfortable and happy. Ethical standards and business methods harmonized and combined with æsthetic ideals guarantee beautiful cleanliness with order, and permit no harsh extremes to wound or offend the sensitive. In the Ideal Home, servants' quarters, their bathing conveniences, their table and its appointments, have due consideration and are in keeping with the style of the whole establishment. Abundance of fresh air and sunlight are assured to every inmate of the house. No domestic is obliged to go from his or her work to a stifling room in summer, or to a cold, comfortless one in winter, and each one enjoys an individual apartment where, when the door is closed, nobody may enter uninvited. Bathing facilities are so convenient that none go without pure bodies for lack of time and facilities for keeping clean.

This, and this only, is the Ideal Home. The twentieth century American mansion may abound in luxury and artistic beauty, liveried men may line the halls, palms and lovely flow-

ers may greet the eye at every turn, tropical fruits and costly delicacies may be served on gold and silver plate, expensive wines in engraved crystal tempt the palate, the family and guests' suites of rooms may be marvels of splendor; all this and more may mark the home of fabulous wealth, but if the word "*fine*" *in its best sense* is to be its characteristic, then, indeed, human and humane relations must exist throughout every department—and an earnest desire to obey the Golden Rule underlie the economy and pervade the spirit of the entire management.

CHAPTER II

THE HOSTESS

DURING the last two or three decades a steady increase in the number of palatial homes in America has been followed by a great change in the household economy of the rich. Formerly the rôle of hostess and entertainer was far less onerous than it is to-day. In old times, American women usually took charge of their own houses, and entertained handsomely, though not so constantly, nor, as a rule, so elaborately, as they do now. These are days of incessant pleasure-seeking and luxurious living, in the nursery as well as the drawing-room, whenever the income permits. Old-fashioned home life seems to have gone out of date, at least for the moneyed class. Women of wealth now find the major portion of their interests and occupations outside of their own homes. A woman holding the position that millions and splendid establishments give her, finds herself a cynosure, or a target

of public observation, according to the personal convenience and interest of the average onlooker, near or far away. Multitudinous claims, social, philanthropic, sensible and senseless, spring up around the possessor of large wealth. These claims are at once so varied, insistent, and perpetual, that an effort to respond to all would only result in failure to do justice to any.

The society woman soon realizes that the personal charge of her house is impossible, if she would hold her own in the world of fashion. No man of varied and engrossing business affairs would permit himself to be burdened with housekeeping. Neither can his wife or daughter, as the case may be, combine the two rôles of society leader and home caretaker, and reasonably expect to succeed in both or either. It is needless to say which of the two would suffer more from neglect; therefore the managing housekeeper has become necessary in all large and elaborate establishments, if they are to be conducted with propriety. Her presence relieves the hostess from the general superintendence as well as from petty details, and leaves her free to pur-

sue a routine of entertaining and being entertained, to enjoy herself when and where she pleases, to travel at will, or indulge her whims and fads in whatever way the gay world of society, and her own inclination, may lead or tempt her. If she so desire, she is kept advised of the general conduct of affairs under her own roof, by holding a daily conference with the superintending housekeeper, with whom, after her solitary breakfast, she has a brief interview. One of these society women in her own home may be likened to a queen regnant over a small domain. The housekeeper is her prime minister. A perfect understanding exists between them if the hostess is experienced and knows her own position: then, she never interferes with any rules or orders of the one to whom she has assigned the entire management of her establishment.

Every reasonable person knows that authority must always be linked with responsibility. This is eminently true of house management. When this is ignored, general disorder and discontent prevail, to the discomfiture of many,—the trespasser included; who, alone to blame, finds it difficult or impossible person-

ally to bring order out of the confusion so created.

A hostess conversant with the proprieties, who, therefore, knows how to conduct herself in her own house, enjoys immunity from hampering household cares. She need never know when changes occur in the servant department, unless the change be among those with whom she comes in contact. Even then, she need only be informed of the new servant's name, and may be as free to enjoy herself as any one of the guests at her endless dinner- and house-parties. Even when she requires a new personal maid, all the care of finding one, and of looking up her references, will be done for her. She has only to see a desirable applicant, and decide the final question of engaging. It is a case something analogous to holding forth the sceptre when the presence chamber is entered. The secret, open to all, discovered by few, is, first to secure the services of an experienced and competent woman of good breeding, who is conscientious in the discharge of her duties, then leave to her the entire management, unhampered by any interference. One lady who knew how to throw off the care,

by yielding to her housekeeper full authority, declared that she had enjoyed the "poetry of housekeeping" ever since she had resigned the charge of her houses to a capable person who had taken up the duties and carried on the *ménage* with the perfection born of practical experience in housekeeping. The hostess rejoiced to find herself untrammeled, released from the vexatious annoyance of changing servants, able to go and come at will, and free to enjoy without restriction her elaborate establishments. A quiet, well-trained corps of men and women—under the supervision of her manager—each in his or her place, attended to special duties, without haste or confusion. Order and cleanliness reigned from roof to cellar, behind the scenes, as well as in full sight. The hostess could make a tour of her house whenever inclined, or show a friend over it, sure that she would find nothing to shock or displease her in any quarter.

But let no one suppose that the mistress of millions of money and many earthly mansions is a woman of leisure. This is very far from the case. She is often one of the hardest worked members of the community. It must

be confessed—this is chiefly her own choice, and not a matter of compulsion, unless devotion to pleasure be regarded as compulsory. That she seldom gets any old-fashioned "beauty sleep" is owing to the constant round of entertainments in which she takes part, either as hostess at home or guest elsewhere. However, the skilful masseuse—the complexion renovator is as regularly employed as the manicure and hair-dresser. Wrinkles are out of date for all who will pay to have them rubbed out scientifically.

In her plans and arrangements for dinners and other social functions, our hostess finds that she must make a study of the guests to be invited, and her own times of entertaining. To no one else can she delegate any of these frequently perplexing cares. It is also true that to accomplish all this successfully, involves much thought, executive ability, and alertness. For, if she would secure, for her own house functions, desirable people, the fashionable lion of the hour, or a notable foreigner, she must be wide awake, or someone else will step in before her and secure the prize. *She is not alone in her ambitions.* Consider, too, for

a moment, the care requisite to bring together at each dinner those who are congenial, or those who can, at least, tolerate each other, and the danger of sending the wrong people in together. What risks a hostess runs of associating, for an entire evening, two people who do not speak, or who even hate each other. Such accidents do occur, for who can be expected to know the petty quarrels or irreconcilable feuds of all their acquaintances? Consequently, men and women who have anticipated an enjoyable evening, may be chagrined at the outset, to find themselves obliged to go in to dinner with someone whom they do not recognize on the street. Fancy being the cause of such discomfort, when you are bending your energies to give a delightful entertainment, and the possible vexations of dinner giving and going out to dine, even if the chef be an artist, the *ménu* perfect, and the butler a model.

The daily mail of a woman of known wealth is another source of care and responsibility, especially if she has conscience and heart. Almost every post bears to her door a batch of notes and letters of varied degrees of im-

portance, interest, or annoyance. The begging letter is rarely absent. Invitations to all sorts of social functions flow in uninterruptedly. Their name is legion. Eleemosynary projects are presented to her notice with solicitations for aid in their furtherance; tickets for endless so-called charitable entertainments; requests for every description of help, and of course, letters from poor relations, of whom the rich have no lack. The daily missives in the mail of a woman rich in worldly things, in their nature touch life's extremes. They must be opened, glanced at, or read through, by her, or her private secretary. The latter usually relieves her of much of her correspondence, in which case, she sees only those letters that her secretary passes over to her for instruction as to the answers to be written, if they are to be answered at all. To the majority very brief responses are accorded, to many others, none whatever. They go by way of the waste-vase on to cremation and oblivion.

In some houses, more than one secretary is required to attend to the post-bag. A plan is sometimes followed resembling, in certain

respects, that of publishers' courteous rejection of undesired manuscripts. There is always kept on hand, folded, in stamped envelopes, a large supply of handsomely engraved stationery. At the first glance, it looks like Tiffany's wedding-invitations. Every sheet bears the same politely worded statement that Mrs. or Miss—as the case may be—is so constantly in receipt of letters, asking aid, or requests for interviews for the purpose of presenting something to her notice, she cannot possibly give attention to all, therefore begs to be excused. Short work is made of the majority of begging letters. As these ready-made answers are composed in the third person, they do not require even the autograph of the woman, who, to many that have never seen her, is only a synonym for millions.

One can scarcely repress a sigh for the countless disappointed ones, some of whom perhaps wrote in desperation, as a last resort, all the while totally ignorant of the lives led by people in the world of fashion and wealth—lives as far removed from theirs as if they belonged to another race on the opposite side of the globe, or even upon a different planet.

One well-known woman of great wealth in our own country, has sometimes, in the course of a week, definite requests for sums of money amounting in the aggregate to more than a million of dollars. This is one of the penalties attached to the reputation of being a millionaire. Some of these applications are amusing, many of them are written by cranks, and the sadness and desperation of others baffle description. Generally, they arouse little or no sympathy in the one to whom the appeal is made, probably because they arrive, not single file, but in battalions,—frequently they are not read through by anybody.

A very wealthy woman once remarked that she received "about fifty begging letters a week," that she did "not even read." When asked how she dared so treat them, in view of the text, "Never turn thy face from any poor man, and then the face of the Lord shall not be turned away from thee," she replied, "I can tell by the opening sentence what they are, and need read only two or three lines to decide whether they deserve any notice at all." What must have been the apprenticeship of a woman who could so promptly discern the character

of the writers, and the unworthiness of their applications!

Once a woman of world-wide reputed wealth, who had also a name for generosity, received from Europe a letter, covering several sheets of paper, in which she was invited to share her abundance with a large and worthy family, on the other side of the Atlantic, who sent their pictures and a copy of the marriage certificate of the parents. The certificate was forwarded as a voucher for the respectability and good faith of the senders, who with the *naïveté* born of ignorance were ready to help lighten her burden of riches, but, she chose to stagger on under them.

Letters asking for money to drain land, repair houses, buy pianos for the instruction of musical children, defray doctors' bills, buy the new baby a christening-robe, provide a trousseau for a daughter about to be married, in short, for anything and everything that anyone might like to have, or to do, or might possibly need; these and many more letters, find their way into the mail of one proverbially rich.

It is because of these repeated experiences

that people who are entirely at their ease pecuniarily, grow indifferent — if not hard-hearted and callous. They feel that they are being preyed upon by those who have no claim on them and ignore or forget the fact that boundless possessions are the result of some-one having preyed—not prayerfully but—potently. It is true that while people cling to their coffers they are obliged, in self-defense, to make it impossible for any of these applicants to find avenues of approach to them. Certainly, if every call were heeded, they would never have a free moment.

Every fashionable woman of wealth to-day, finds in her own engagement calendar a task-master quite as exacting as the note-book of an overworked business-man, who is piling up his millions. She must consult this list, and be as faithful to it as any Roman Catholic devotee is to her missal and her beads. Not a day can she ignore it. An amusing anecdote is told of one of New York's wealthy women, who is very careless about keeping any account of her engagements. One day having a hazy recollection of an engagement, she wrote a note to an acquaintance, asking if it were at

her house she had engaged to take luncheon. She received a prompt response in the negative, but at the same time coupled with the polite assurance that she would, nevertheless, be a welcome guest. Of course, she could not go. She knew she was engaged for a lunch-party elsewhere. *But where, O where?* The place, where she was expected on that day, was vacant without apology, and the hostess justly indignant at her unexplained absence.

Mothers of young and growing families, who are ambitious to shine in the world of fashion, delegate much of the oversight of their children to others; still there must always devolve upon them, whether they will or no, the major responsibility. Even when they are of the ultra-fashionable set, they must see their children occasionally, and be measurably acquainted with them. They should, at least, be sure that those to whom they delegate the charge—nurses, maids, and governesses—are reliable and competent, well-educated, and well-bred; above all, honorable.

Every hostess holds an "at home" on one special day each week, during the gay season.

Then, no matter how tempting may be a social function elsewhere, she cannot desert her post. A succession of carriages from three until six o'clock, will continually leave callers at her door, who have a right to expect admittance, if they be of "her set," since each society woman's day is well known. If her town house be on Fifth Avenue, she will—like every other woman on that avenue, as well as those on some of the fashionable cross streets —receive on Tuesdays. For Madison Avenue it is Thursday. By a long understood agreement, all on certain avenues, and on some of their cross streets, are "at home" upon one and the same day. This is a conventional rule, facilitating the making of calls for those who have a large visiting-list, and do a great deal of perfunctory calling.

At the close of the afternoon, the hostess receives from her butler a formidable sheaf of visiting-cards. Without these reminders, she would be unable to fill out her list of indebtedness. Attention to all these matters is obligatory upon anyone whose aim is to be a success in society. That, strange as it may seem, is the one ambition of many a woman in

the social world. The hypnotic effect of this desire is curious—while aiming to be a leader, this woman is really led. The bugaboo that she fears is the possibility of not being in the fashion. A lady's-maid once remarked, in speaking of this trait in her own mistress, "She is so afraid of not being in the fashion, that she is ridiculous. She is so rich and so courted, she might set a fashion, *if she dared.* I sometimes suggest a little change of style in her hair-dressing that would be most becoming to her, but she always says, 'No, *they* do not wear it that way!' O, sometimes I think she is a donkey!"

After her "at home," the hostess may, in return, simply leave a card at the door of some of her visitors; but this she *must* do—for the circulation of those bits of pasteboard keeps society's wheels revolving, and serves to prevent serious friction in the world of conventional callers. With her visiting, entertaining and engagement lists assiduously covered and faithfully kept, the hostess may hope to avoid giving mortal offense in her social realm. But, if she would be popular, and a leader, she should be in her own line of bookkeeping as

accurate as any bank clerk is in entering his accounts.

We may add, in conclusion, that one filling the post of fashionable hostess thoroughly in all its details, might reasonably aspire to a higher position, and fill it creditably, if, at any time, the wheel of fortune, in its rapid turns, should suddenly whirl her into the arena of self-supporting women.

CHAPTER III

THE HOSTESS' WARDROBE

A WOMAN of fashion in reasonably good health may become *blasé* in all else, but, where her wardrobe is concerned, she remains forever *naïve*. Twice a year, sometimes oftener, she is thrown into a flutter of excitement by the notification that her Paris trunks are on the way from the Custom-house to her residence. Immediately, if possible, her plans for the day are changed. What is so important as new clothes? Those big trunks replete with marvels of invention from the ladies' tailor are of paramount importance. Soon after they are opened, the hall where they are placed in a row, looks as if there had been a sudden fall of snow. As one walks through the heaps of white tissue-paper, the rustle is like the sound of dry leaves in the Autumn woods; but Mother Nature is not here.

When the trunk-lids are raised nothing appears, at first, except tissue-paper and tapes tacked in criss-cross. Each garment, thus protected and held in place, is unweighted by anything else. Scissors release the topmost "creation" of the French couturière. Away flies the shielding tissue-paper, no matter where, until the first article lies partially revealed, to be speedily lifted up, and greeted with exclamations of delight by both mistress and maid. And so on, until the last garment is taken out. Each waist is stuffed with tissue-paper, sleeves and corsage, as well as every other part, and every bow, thus all are held in shape. Attached to every gown is a piece of its own fabric, out of which the shoemaker will make dainty slippers or shoes. Paris garments come forth from their packing, and after an ocean voyage, in all their pristine freshness —not a crease anywhere, not a particle of trimming out of place. Here is packing become a fine art.

Where and how all these innumerable ball and dinner dresses, tea-gowns and *robes de chambre*, opera wraps, street costumes, and reception dresses are kept, is an important

question. Who cares for them? Certainly not the wearer. It will take all of her time to wear them. The lady's-maid has charge of this immense and exquisite outfit, and her office is no sinecure, though every modern house of the wealthy class has new devices for solving this problem; and each new American palace is an improvement upon the last, if the owner has individuality and originality.

Ordinarily for *lingerie* there are very large wardrobes with shelves. The shelves are first entirely covered with perfumed silk sachets. When the doors are opened, one sees dainty lace-trimmed and be-ribboned articles piled in sets. Nightgowns of silk or linen-lawn and lace, filmy corset-covers, skirts, etc. Every shelf holds ravishing snowy heaps or delicately-tinted silk underwear. In drawers below, lying upon the ubiquitous sachet, are my lady's silk stockings of every hue and style, matching her endless gowns. Another wardrobe is appropriated to bonnets and hats. When its doors swing open, a bewildering display of millinery arrests the gaze, and proves a convincing argument in favor of the milli-

nery business, if one thinks of "going into trade;" for every out-or-door costume has its corresponding head-gear.

Costumes, skirts, and long wraps, find shelter in her gown-room. It is built expressly for the purpose, of hardwood, highly polished —floors, ceiling, and walls—and can therefore be kept free from dust. Little ever finds refuge there. Upon opening the door, the hinge turns on an electric current that floods the place with light. Closing the door shuts off the illumination. As you enter, a delicate perfume, exhaled from tiny sachets sewed inside of all the gowns, greets you. The society woman is nothing if she is not perfumed.

Tier beyond tier—depending from polished poles that run from side to side in this room, and held in shape by skirt-supporters that have been padded and ornamented with gay ribbons—are skirts and garments of every description. Every article is in its assigned place, one never interfering with another. Usually, waists of dresses are laid in chiffonier and other drawers reserved for them. Each is kept by itself. Few persons realize that

wearing garments does not destroy their freshness so soon as careless treatment when not in use. The woman who appears well-groomed, requires ample and suitable space for her clothing, and permits nothing to be put away until it is in perfect order, ready for the next occasion. Every part is scanned by her maid, and freshened, prior to returning to its own waiting-place.

Every millionaire's house, of any pretensions to convenience, or not given over to show, is provided with rooms built for the exclusive use of maids, who have many duties requiring time, conveniences, and a special place, where they may, unhindered, perform their work "decently and in order." The maid's workroom is of hardwood, or else has painted walls and ceiling. It is brightly lighted, has the best possible ventilation, and contains no furniture that will harbor hidden dust. Everything is of polished wood, of simple design and plain finish. An open fireplace and ventilators above the windows conduce to cleanliness. Around the room are closets, wardrobes, and chests of drawers, with abundant space for any garments awaiting the attention and lei-

sure of the maids. A place of this sort, opening out upon a flat, railed-in roof, or a piazza, is convenient, because in fine weather the brushing may be done outside. For this purpose clothes-wires are stretched in lines high enough to prevent clothing from touching below, while hanging in the open air. These are safe places for airing furs, cloth and velvet articles, as well as for ridding them of dust.

Almost any house of modest style may have something of this sort at small expense, and thus avoid brushing garments within doors, where furniture, carpets, rugs, and draperies must otherwise become microbe harbors. Few realize how much of the untidiness in their houses is due to the carelessness of those who gather out-of-door dirt in their clothing, and then deliberately shake it off in halls or on back stairways. The practise cannot be too strongly denounced. Moreover, the culprits condemn innocent persons as well as themselves, to suffer from the generally unwholesome condition caused by their own indolence and negligence—all must inhale the injurious matter thus disseminated throughout the

house. With a little planning and forethought, even a small house may be spared the admission of unnecessary dirt, to be wrestled with, often hopelessly, by the housekeeper.

In well-appointed and commodious houses, the room reserved and furnished for the use of the ladies'-maids, has tables large and small, a gas or electric stove, for heating irons when pressing is to be done, sleeve and skirt boards, water—hot and cold; in brief, everything to facilitate the maid's work in connection with the oversight of her lady's wardrobe. In no well-planned or well-managed house are the personal maids obliged to go to the laundry to ask a favor. There they would assuredly find themselves in the way. True, there is little renovating to be done on the wardrobe of a rich woman of fashion, unless she be of the penurious type. A maid simply keeps everything up to the mark of perfection while her mistress has the article in wear. Repairing and making over are left to her less luxurious friends and impecunious relatives, who receive her last season's garments promptly after the arrival of each new lot of Paris

trunks. Thus her partly worn, but by no means *passée*, clothing makes way for the latest arriving styles. An ultra-fashionable society dame was once asked, "What in the world do you do with all of your clothes?" "O, I give them away. Sometimes I meet my gowns again out at dinners and receptions," was the prompt answer. This is true. There are many well-dressed women in society wearing fine clothes for which they have paid only in thanks.

Madame Crœsus avoids perplexity and gives pleasure by disposing of her last season's wardrobe as soon as she has received a new lot of trunks. Those whose wardrobes arrive three or four times a year, made in the latest fashion, are always in advance of prevailing styles. They are already done with the fashions just coming into vogue for the average well-dressed woman.

A lady's-maid needs expert fingers to take the fine stitches required here and there, while a garment is serving her mistress. Weekly, she has all of the laundered *lingerie* to examine, fresh ribbons to insert, and loose buttons or ripped edges of lace to guard against. The

æsthetic woman of ample purse is only content when beautifully clothed in every particular. Her stunning and expensive gowns hide exquisite underwear, trimmed with the finest French needlework and delicate lace.

One of the lady's-maid's duties is to sew upon the corsage of an evening gown sprays of diamonds, simulating foliage. She rips them off again when the occasion is past, before they are returned to their owner's dressing-room safe. To see the trailing, sparkling foliage dangling from a maid's hands as she goes to her task, proves that *she* is not dazzled by expensive frocks or priceless gems. In her case, familiarity engenders nonchalance. She returns to the dressing-room, bearing the corsage flashing with diamonds, herself no more impressed than if they were mere Rhinestones. Occurrences like this are frequent experiences in her life, for no princess of royal line can outshine the American woman of wealth, in splendor of attire. The kingdoms of the mineral, vegetable, and animal world are subjugated and despoiled to minister to Fashion's dictates, and to the personal adornment of its votaries.

THE HOSTESS' WARDROBE

There are many types of millionaires. Some cling sentimentally (?) to their cast-off belongings, and become the laughing-stock of their men- and maid-servants whenever an overhauling and *exposé* take place. For, in attics, lying exposed to dust, are found discarded portières, rugs, etc., where moths revel and multiply. In trunks, carefully packed away, reposes the cast-off clothing of the family, with men's old neck-ties in bundles, and the family kid gloves in quantities, growing "high" with age, and ready to fall apart if ungently handled. Awaiting a "time of need," are discarded liveries of footmen. A facetious woman dubbed the plethoric attic of some of these queer people "the moths' banquet-hall." Certainly, moths alone enjoyed the place.

Happy those people who never hoard, but make others rejoice in the possession of things for which they themselves no longer have use. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," there are people who are *owned* by their belongings, until those belongings become burdens and nuisances. Moths may banquet upon them, rust may prey upon them, and destroy their beauty, but thieves are too good connois-

seurs to relieve the foolish hoarders. After awhile, not even the beggar on the street would be grateful for their time-worn treasures.

"What I spent I had:
What I gave I kept:
What I *saved* I *lost*."

CHAPTER IV

THE SUPERINTENDING HOUSEKEEPER

In private families, housekeepers are, broadly stated, of three kinds.

First, and the largest class, are those at once mistresses and housekeepers in their own homes.

Second, are those, who, for self-support, make a business of superintending the houses of women who cannot, or will not, manage their large and elaborate establishments for themselves—especially women in the social whirl, who find that the manifold claims of fashionable society forbid their giving due attention to household affairs. Undoubtedly there are other instances where the superintendence is transferred to professional housekeepers, but they are comparatively few, and the position is generally transient, as in the case of a widower's home.

Third on the list are *paid* working housekeepers, in contradistinction to the countless

wives who are *unpaid* working housekeepers. These last in the category form a multitude whom no man can number, and are, as a class, probably the hardest-worked women in Christendom. The present chapter, as its title signifies, treats of the second in the series just mentioned.

The superintending housekeeper is only to be found in the homes of the well-to-do or the very rich. She commands a salary of from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars a month —the last mentioned sum not the limit when a term of years has been devoted by her to one family, provided her employers have a nice sense of justice. To fill the post creditably, good breeding, education, and practical experience are necessary. She must be a capable organizer, and understand the management of a large corps of servants composed of both sexes. In addition, she should be accustomed to the charge of bank accounts and check-books. She pays the servants, attends to all household bills, keeps the books, and renders a monthly account of her receipts and expenditures.

In establishments whose proprietors under-

stand the customs of good society, the superintending housekeeper has her own suite of apartments, consisting of bedchamber, private bath, and sitting-room. If the house be upon a very extensive scale, she will also have an office down-stairs, where she may be seen during stated morning hours at her roll-top desk. The linen-room is an important part of her charge, as the contents of that place represent a large outlay and are in constant use. She keeps a book in which all the household linen is noted, as well as the contents of the cedar-room, where valuable blankets, down quilts, and kindred articles are stored when not in use. For her own use, she makes an inventory of these delicate and expensive articles, and promptly enters every newly arrived lot of goods. She also notes the discarded articles that, for any reason, no longer have a place in the linen-room or are sent out of the house.

Since constant changes prevail everywhere, and the daily consignments, from all parts of the house, to the laundry, amount, in the aggregate, to hundreds of pieces of house- and table-linen each week, perfect system and

unremitting vigilance are demanded to preserve order in the linen-room. Guest-chambers and all those occupied by the family are amply supplied with fresh linen and whatever else is considered desirable for the toilet and luxurious bathing. Nothing is thought too expensive for the use of a wealthy American family, or for those whom they entertain as visitors.

Their town and country houses have always independent supplies, the linen-room in each and every house being well stocked. Not unless the owners are inexperienced or eccentric, is house-linen sent from place to place by people who can *easily afford* to have abundant supplies in every home. Sometimes, however, rich women persist in sending back and forth, from town to country, their house-linen, blankets, coverlets, and even the *pantry* and *kitchen dish-towels.* Twice a year their houses are stripped. The only advantage resulting from this incessant transportation of household goods is reaped by the express company. Some, though not all people whose fortunes are of mushroom-like growth, are slow in learning how to enjoy the refined and orderly

life that great wealth, properly employed, promotes. This class try the soul of a competent superintendent by pulling obtusely, in the wrong direction, to their own disadvantage and her discouragement. An experienced woman—who might, under a different *régime*, become an invaluable auxiliary—is compelled to retire from her post because, handicapped and vexatiously hindered, she cannot do her best for that nondescript specimen of the genus homo, a stingy, newly-fledged multi-millionaire.

An early interview daily between the mistress of the house and her superintendent is essential. At this time the chef's *ménus* for the day should be examined by the mistress, and any desired changes made without delay. The *ménu* may then be returned to the waiting chef, who immediately proceeds with the day's work according to pencilled changes that it may have pleased his mistress to make, or any verbal directions she may have seen fit to send. *Delay in notifying the chef regarding what will be expected is a fertile cause of confusion throughout the day, and a waste of valuable time. He must know early with reference to the meals, and the num-*

ber to be provided for. The butler, as well as the chef, should be apprised in season about luncheon and dinner. They will both then be able to go on with their preparations for the day's repasts. The butler can get out the wines for luncheon and dinner, and see to the suitable regulation of their temperature.

All women are not considerate and business-like in this essential—*timely notice*—and their negligence results in vexatious loss of time—and frequently in inevitable waste. A very brief interview between the housekeeper and the chef ordinarily suffices. For all large dinners, he reasonably expects several days' notice, in order to prepare the *ménus* in advance. This furthers other important preparations, and preserves his equanimity. The better the chef, the more forehanded is he in his work. This rare trait should be fostered, instead of being, as too often it is, discouraged.

Whenever the chef finds himself in need of new utensils, he gets a list ready to be looked over during one of the morning interviews between the housekeeper and himself. With her permission, he should make his own selection. When the goods arrive, he takes a list of every

article. This the superintendent retains for comparison with the itemized bill when settling all monthly accounts before she makes out a check for its payment.

Having concluded her conference with the chef, the housekeeper sees the second cook, the kitchen-maids, the head laundress, and, in turn, every member of the domestic corps, taking note of whatever they may need, and also making memoranda of any repairs necessary in the house. A house of this kind demands the same care that an ocean steamer receives, where every part is polished, always shining like new.

One rule that cultivates thoughtfulness, economizes time, and insures order, is to exact from each of the employees a daily memorandum of whatever may be essential in his or her department of work. Procrastination in this respect should not be overlooked. Servants generally stand in need of persistent training in these methods. They will, if allowed to do so, appear at the most inopportune moment to ask for something that should have been mentioned early in the morning—the hour when the attention of the housekeeper

is devoted especially to them and matters concerning their work.

This should not surprise us, since those who have had immeasurably greater advantages are equally delinquent, and frequently postpone plain duties. Unamiable fault-finding not only never improves servants, but is wholly unnecessary. They soon learn to recognize undeviating regulations that are for the general good and, if they wish to keep their places, conform to wise ruling. Pads and pencils should be provided for jotting down their needs. Porcelain slates, with pencils attached, are useful for these memoranda. Servants realize the mutual benefits resulting from adherence to good rules and also appreciate the comfort of having, without delay, everything at hand for their work.

When attending to the already named duties, the superintendent usually makes a complete tour of the house, carrying with her duplicate keys to all locked places. Before leaving the lower floor, she inspects every refrigerator, cold-storage room, and all closets; not a drawer, dresser, or cupboard should escape her notice. Although it may not be necessary

to examine all of these daily, order and cleanliness are promoted by the knowledge that she may do so; as none can tell which place may be passed over occasionally, there will be no temptation to trust to luck and be careless, when this method is pursued. But the cellar, and the outside closet or place for garbage-cans, may never,—never even for one day,—be allowed to escape rigorous inspection. The attention of the man responsible for the condition of the place should be called to the slightest untidiness, which he should rectify immediately. The cans should be frequently scrubbed, and should be replaced by new ones twice a year. The place devoted to them also demands strict care to preserve a pure atmosphere in its neighborhood. These places quickly reveal the character of the housekeeper, be she the mistress proper or a paid manager. There is so much going on in the pantry during the morning up to, and also after, the luncheon hour, that no considerate housekeeper investigates there until silver-cleaning and dish-washing are over. She can summon anyone to whom she must give an order, and can see the butler, elsewhere. An experienced per-

son, if she is tactful, waits to examine the pantry until a lull in the work leaves it almost or entirely vacant, and, during a very gay season, when entertaining is incessant, she will choose a time when her presence will interfere least with the work. For pantries —even in the handsomest houses not recently erected or remodeled—are too small for any but pantry work and those who do it. As a rule, neither the work nor the servant of any other department is allowed in a well-regulated pantry.

Without speaking a word of rebuke, a housekeeper can leave signs of her visit, and call attention to any disorder or lack of cleanliness in closets, drawers, or basins. A good manager never nags or frets those who are under her control. She is especially careful not to interrupt their work, and sees to it that whatever will simplify or advance it is supplied. She should frequently visit the best house-furnishing shops, and be prompt to introduce improvements in household implements of every sort.

Moreover, she ought to know that after having secured competent servants, they have a

right to work unmolested, if they are attentive to their duties.

And further, when servants' methods are unlike her own, if results are satisfactory, she should never insist upon the adoption of her own way of doing work. No one can render good service if obliged to change a familiar method for one that is unfamiliar, especially when this may occur with each new supervisor. For instance, a capable butler should be allowed to arrange the silver and table-linen to suit his own convenience, as that assists his movements and those of his staff in table-setting and in waiting at meals. Undoubtedly there must be "a place for everything and everything in its place," else when something is wanted in haste, it may not be found, and, as the butler would be held responsible for any failure in the service, it is only reasonable to avoid confusing him by unwise interference so long as he shows himself capable and faithful. A New York woman of means, who manages her own household, lost an excellent man because she persisted in arranging the silver according to her own ideas, regardless of his convenience. In so doing, she dis-

arranged it for the butler. The consequence was that he could never be sure of finding anything in safe or drawers where he had left it, and, rather than endure such discomfort, he left her service.

When making her tour of inspection, a housekeeper goes, pad and pencil in hand, taking note of matters to be seen to later. Next, seated at her desk, she writes letters and orders to be sent forthwith. Promptness is the first consideration with her, for she knows that procrastination is fatal to good housekeeping.

Electric-bell communication between all parts of the house, messenger- and cab-calls, telephones, and elevators facilitate the work and economize her time.

Whenever a large dinner is to be given, the housekeeper sends down a table-cloth of the size needed, with its matching napkins and suitable finger-bowl doilys. She also selects candle-shades harmonizing with the intended floral decorations, and at the same time sees that the great white felt intermediate table-cover is put out, with hassocks for the feet of the feminine guests. Provision must be made against fatigue even at a dinner-party. It is

also the housekeeper's business to select the bon-bons and fruits for the table, and to see that no stale candies find their way there. The selection of fruits she can sometimes turn over to the butler—especially when he takes care of them—if he has proved himself a man of judgment. Just here it may be stated that there is no good reason why an experienced housekeeper and a competent butler should ever clash. Usually, when their relations are not harmonious, the fault is traceable to the master or mistress of the house, who fail to recognize the true position of the deputy, and know neither how to resign care nor assign authority to her.

She should engage and dismiss servants without the possibility of interference with, or reversal of her action, upon the part of either master or mistress. Those who undermine her authority, or countermand her directions destroy the symmetrical ordering of their houses, and reap disorganization as a result.

The managing housekeeper should receive the same deference that would be accorded to the mistress of the house were she superintend-

ing her own *ménage*. She takes that mistress' place in all respects except as hostess and in the social world. Failure to recognize this proves a prolific source of discord wherever it occurs. The entire establishment is deranged, and it becomes only a question of time—brief, at that—when a faithful and competent manager must resign her post, and leave the resultant snarl to be disentangled by those who are responsible for such conditions and for her withdrawal. Every lady, when entering upon a post of the sort we are considering, owes it to herself and to the position, to have at the outset a clear understanding, between herself and those concerned, that all orders shall be transmitted *through* her, and that *none given by her be countermanded, except by herself*. This in no way interferes with the general conduct of the house always being in accordance with the expressed wishes of its proprietor—that is, always understood.

Although much of the buying is upon a large scale, the wear and tear is so continuous that it necessitates frequent renewal of articles little and big to keep a house in good running condition. No shabby tools are used. For

this reason the superintendent is most welcome at shops where she deals regularly. To every tradesman covetous of the patronage of a millionaire's household, she represents a good bit of business and a fat monthly account, to be assuredly and promptly paid. Therefore a symbolic *golden* atmosphere irradiates her presence, and makes her advent in shops an event of importance. Commissions are not claimed, nor, when offered, accepted by a lady manager. A well-bred woman regards it beneath her dignity either to exact or accept compensation for the act of dealing with a concern. Occasionally something may be forced upon her as an expression of appreciation for the patronage she has been instrumental in bringing to a firm. Queer episodes occur showing how universally commissions are extorted by those through whom the patronage of a large private household is secured. The chef's, butler's, and coachman's commissions are fixed facts, as well as those of a head gardener or farm superintendent. They will not deal, if they can help it, with those who refuse a percentage to them, and their demands are met, unless the commissions asked be exorbi-

tant. It is not uncommon for tradespeople to try to secure desirable patronage by offering remarkable inducements, thrown out as bait to attract a profitable customer. A lady who was in charge of two millionaire establishments received a message from a tailor whom she had never seen, offering to make for her and her sister each a handsome winter coat, free of charge. In plain English interpreted:—"Come to us and order the men's morning suits and liveries."

On another occasion, during the closing of a country house, while settling summer accounts before returning to town, a lady, upon paying an old farmer, who had supplied occasional poultry and eggs, was surprised to have him tender her a two-dollar bill. When she asked if there were a mistake, he answered: "No, but don't *you expect* something for giving me the custom? All the butlers and chefs and housekeepers compel us to pay them, if they give us orders."

The housekeepers he quoted were probably working housekeepers. No well-bred managing housekeeper could be capable of such extortion.

Long, deep breathing is not common in American families of wealth. One of the supposed prerogatives of millionaires is to rush about from place to place, and pleasure to pleasure, at headlong speed. For this reason, if for no other, executive ability, the power to see and plan ahead, is essential in a superintending housekeeper.

Her busiest times are when she is closing one house and opening another. Although she commands the services of upholsterers, and various skilled workmen, with other extra men, the change has often to be made so expeditiously that it requires one versed in the art of moving to accomplish the undertaking within the very brief time usually allotted to it. Her plan of action must be mapped out well in advance of each change, and carried forward with decision and accuracy. Authoritative orders and unremitting vigilance upon her part are the only means of accomplishing desired results. And even then, the soul of a conscientious woman may be sorely tried by finding that, in spite of all her careful arrangements in ordering the work beforehand, her plans, like those of men and mice, have gone

"a-gley." As the gay routine in a house such as we are considering is ceaseless, everything must be ready to begin the next campaign upon the arrival of the family. When they take a trip during the dismantling of one house and the preparation of another for occupancy, the work is less complicated. Servants then have time to lend efficient aid, as they are relieved of their customary routine, that never fails while *one* member of the family is in the house. Few people are considerate in this particular, and a housekeeper finds it advisable to attend to as much as possible in advance of her own arrival upon the next scene of her duties. Timely and methodical orders by mail accomplish satisfactory results, especially with the same skilled workmen always in charge. Window-cleaning, and cleaning of floors where carpets are to be laid, should be done before the arrival of carpet-layers or upholsterers; these should follow immediately after. The house will then be ready for final "getting to rights" to go on without interruption, or the set-back usually caused by the coming of workmen into places already settled, or in process of being settled. Woodwork polishing

should everywhere precede final cleaning—floor-waxing and rubbing should be the very last thing done. Forethought and systematic ordering work wonders, and prevent the necessity for cleaning one place two, three, or more times.

With competent workmen in each department doing their own part *without undoing* the work of someone who has preceded them, a great house may be made luxuriously habitable almost like magic: whereas, if the ordering be not carefully planned, workmen and artisans so hinder one another that "confusion worse confounded" reigns over all.

A good superintendent leaves each house, when closing it for a term of months, as clean and as orderly as is possible to make it. At the opening there will be no trash to remove, and comparatively light cleaning to do, before the floor-polishing and final putting in order begin.

Of course, before closing a house, every good manager makes arrangements for having furnaces, boilers, ranges, tanks, and refrigerators examined, cleaned, and repaired. The same measures should be taken with the entire

plumbing, and none but those who understand the pipe system of the house should be allowed to meddle with it. Responsible persons should see to the traps, and, if they are to be left during cold weather, they should be fortified against damage with plumbers' oil, and the water shut off. By taking these precautions, a house left in winter will be in no danger from bursting pipes, and, in the spring, the water when turned on will flow through clean channels.

As far as possible, every means should be taken to avoid the presence of rough workmen, or of anyone who might make disorder, during or after the final cleaning. Painting or varnishing of woodwork or floors should be done in time to allow thorough drying before exposure to the wear and tear of an opened house. Carpets and rugs should be cleaned and sewed up in burlap, with plenty of camphor, to await the time of house-opening.

No closet or storeroom should be closed until perfectly clean and in order. All bedsteads should be washed in carbolized water, thoroughly dried and exposed to the sun. Mattresses should be carefully brushed, and,

with the pillows, aired in the sun before being enveloped in their slip-covers.

Chimneys should be swept and closed, and not a scrap of paper or rubbish remain in fireplaces or in any nook or corner about the house.

One of the persons most in evidence both in the closing and opening of houses is the carpenter, whose monthly account, in all well-kept establishments of any pretensions to size, is as regular as the market-bills. But though his services are constantly in demand, there is no reason why he should be allowed to make work for others when he is attending to his own. He can be given to understand that his tools, when not in his hands, need not—for preservation from damage—be left lying about upon costly furniture. Moreover, he may be taught to use the dust-pan and brush after his work is done, instead of leaving sawdust, chips, and shavings behind him. A man who cannot, or will not, conform to these proprieties is unfit to enter a neat house, complex or simple, and should be confined to outside work, or that to be done on unfinished houses. In these particulars, the average

workman is a nuisance in a house. This is less his fault than that of those who pay no attention to his untidiness, or take it for granted that slovenliness is his prerogative —or an inevitable result of his presence. Waste-baskets and trash-jars also need looking after. When soap and water and exposure to the sun have purified them, they should be left turned upside down, inviting no after carelessness. The cellar and attic should vie with every other part of the house in tidiness —nothing out of place—no useless lumber left. Everything requiring protection from dust should be well covered. "Safe leave, safe find," is a wise rule for every housekeeper, be she the ordinary mistress or a paid manager.

Plenty of water, soap, sapolio, and fresh sunlit air applied or admitted, will produce eminently satisfactory results, immediate and ultimate, besides preventing trouble and expense later. An ample supply of laundry soap, laid in six months in advance of the time for its use, and piled so that the air may circulate around each cake, is a wise economy, observed by every good manager.

In putting away ivory, or tortoise-shell,

toilet-articles special care should be observed to avoid any damage by severe cold. If wrapped in cotton wadding, then carefully packed in pasteboard boxes and left in a closet where the extreme cold cannot penetrate, they will be safe. Each box should be marked with a list of its contents.

Ink wells should all be emptied and cleaned. All bottles containing any liquid that will freeze should be removed to a place insured against a low temperature. Attention to these matters will often prevent a serious catastrophe later.

An abundant supply of the widest unbleached muslin, strong safety-pins, and camphor should be ready for the upholsterers and kept in some well-known place to be reached by them without trouble to anyone. The men can then go ahead with their work of taking down and putting away—without delay to themselves or inconvenience to others. By having a special closet for curtains, portières, etc., and always employing the same men for such work, they will be properly cared for, and marked for their own places. A very large house can then be dismantled or reclothed with remarkable rapidity.

Lace or muslin draperies immediately after being taken down should be sent to the cleaner, as anything that for a time *lies by soiled* requires more vigorous treatment and will soon show signs of wear. Moreover, no neat person would willingly permit soiled articles to be laid away. Equal forethought is demanded in the care of silver. Every piece should be rubbed and polished, then wrapped in soft tissue-paper, and packed away where the air cannot reach it to tarnish its brightness. It will then come forth from the safety-vaults months afterward, in all its beauty, ready without delay to do duty on dressing-bureau, dinner-table, or elsewhere according to its use. In country houses, where plated ware is used and left behind, the same care should be bestowed before packing and storing it away for the winter. A capable butler understands all this.

Many winter residences are, by careless people, left dirty during their summer absences. Owing to the close proximity of city houses, one that is kept beautifully clean may be visited by roaches, croton-bugs, and other vermin from a neighboring building temporarily deserted. These creeping things are, in

one respect, like Noah's weary dove, seeking human companionship, or perhaps, still more like another scriptural type, going to and fro and walking up and down seeking something to devour. They have been seen ascending and descending the front steps of handsome city houses, evidently perfectly at home in the neighborhood, either paying visits or house-hunting. *They* do not leave town during the heated term. A house, well kept, permits none of these intruders to become at home in it.

The housekeeper's business is to see to it that every place reserved for storing articles is absolutely free from anything harmful. Upholsterers are only responsible for taking down, freeing from dust, and putting away the curtains, portières, and other draperies. In protecting silk or tapestry wall-hangings, the material employed should be reserved for that purpose alone. While not in use it should be marked and stored until called for again.

If skilled hands cannot be secured for this work, greater vigilance upon the part of the superintending housekeeper will be demanded to prevent a hurried covering or putting away

before the removal of all dust. Portable articles, in town, should go to the roof, and there be well brushed and shaken preparatory to pinning up in their own wrapping-cloths. Valuable ornaments and bric-à-brac can be stored in the great safe, after its winter contents have.gone to the vaults of some safety deposit company. The final cleaning and storing away done, furniture all swathed in its summer wrappings, lamps, chandeliers, brackets, and statuary draped in soft white material, the whilom palace wears a ghostly aspect, but spotlessly clean from roof to cellar, inviting inspection, if not immediate occupancy.

To prevent any accumulation of dust throughout the summer months, it should be the business of a careful woman, once a month, to visit every window for the purpose of sponging away the dust collected on the sills, outside and inside. This practise keeps the dust from penetrating any farther, and makes the autumn cleaning proportionately easy.

Unremitting precautions are essential to bar out that persistent enemy to nice housekeeping—*dust*—whether a house be opened or closed. But, if workmen are about during the

summer, the reign of dust is an inevitable consequence. Keeping it out becomes a hopeless task, and the autumn cleaning will be formidable indeed, as all experienced managers know to their sorrow.

The proper time to air a closed house during the summer is immediately after a rain, when the sun is shining again, and the air, without, is clear and dry. A thoughtful watchman, or care-taker, can be instructed in this method, and will see its wisdom.

Whoever has had the disheartening experience of going into a house that has been closed for months and left with all of its old dust to settle down, in addition to that which sifted in while it was unoccupied, will appreciate the difference between the careful and the careless way of closing. In the latter case, not a step can one take, not a thing can one touch, without soiling clothes and hands. And, worse than all, extreme measures will hardly prevent the dust from remaining all winter, constantly flying about and settling upon everything throughout the house.

Certainly no woman of refined ideas will leave a place for which she is responsible un-

tidy, even if it is to remain unoccupied for an indefinite period. And further, all within will be left so that any article unexpectedly desired may be easily found by one authorized to go into the house for it.

While the closing of a town house for the summer, of course, differs from the closing of a country villa for the winter, the necessary precautions varying with the season—that is, the precautions for cleanliness—as far as safety is concerned, the same rules are observed, whether they are closed or occupied. Homes of millionaires are usually patrolled by private watchmen, outside in summer, and inside in winter. They carry a watchman's clock, to insure wakefulness during the entire night. These clocks are ingeniously arranged to be wound every hour or half hour. Different keys are hung about in stated places to keep the man on the move, as he must reach each key at a certain hour for the purpose of winding the clock. As the clock always has a set of white paper disks within that are successively punctured by the winding, they bear silent witness to the faithfulness of his vigil. Each morning, the clock is left by him for the

housekeeper to open, and remove the punctured disks and place new ones for his next night's beat.

Sharp eyes and a keen sense of smell should characterize the superintending housekeeper. She will find both of these useful in preserving safe conditions and preventing disaster. Her eyes will detect every burnt match left carelessly outside of its proper receptacle, and no accumulation beyond that of one day will be permitted to remain in those receptacles. Trifles light as air make up the sum of neatness. Our housekeeper's olfactory nerve will promptly admonish her of any unusual odor about the house. It may also be the means of averting what might otherwise become a destructive fire.

A lady who was in charge of one of New York's costliest mansions, noticed one day a peculiar smell coming up through the elevator-well. Upon going to investigate and find the cause of the odor, she could get no satisfactory explanation from any one downstairs. The smell was like that of iron overheated. As nothing was in evidence to explain it, she finally concluded that someone had left

a kettle empty on the hot range, and put it out of sight when she approached to make inquiry. The servants on that floor disclaimed any knowledge of the meaning or cause of the odor. The chef was out, and no one seemed to feel any responsibility in the matter. At last, deciding that the cause could be nothing serious, the housekeeper went out—her mind at ease, because she fancied that she had discovered the clue to the curious smell. Upon her return, the mystery had been solved. The man in charge of the steam-heater had allowed the boiler to become empty, notwithstanding the indicator—an accurate guide to its condition—was in full sight hanging beside the furnace.

The result was that, after the housekeeper left, matters grew serious. The outside pipes below becoming red-hot, began to scorch their immediate, then their outer, coverings, with the result that footmen in their livery were compelled to work vigorously tearing off the burning material from the pipes to prevent the fire from spreading. Had the house not been remarkably well-built and fire-proof, a general conflagration would have been inevitable. As it was, the heater was seriously damaged. The

weather was exceedingly cold, and for a while the only heat obtainable was from open fireplaces, and those who attended to the repairs were obliged to work night and day to put it into working order. Finally, there was a heavy bill for repairs.

There is but one safe way to proceed when a peculiar smell is noticed, as it means something is wrong. Investigate persistently until the cause is discovered. It is well to remember that those who spend their days in a kitchen, or in the vicinity of one, are so accustomed to mixed odors their sense of smell becomes deadened. They notice nothing until it is about to smother them or burn them up. Therefore, the last word to all housekeepers is—cultivate your olfactory nerve, and never disregard its warning.

CHAPTER V

THE LADY'S-MAID

THE original, bona fide lady's-maid, like the original bona fide chef, was French; but now the personal attendants of fashionable women, and others who, though not ultra-fashionable, are yet luxurious in their habits, represent various nationalities, the question of birth-place being secondary to those of experience and competency. But as the French language is now with many second only to our mother tongue, and usually learned in the natural way by children of the rich, a French maid is still in vogue for keeping the language in practise. Individual tastes, and the character of the mistress, determine the life and duties of her maid. At best the position, to any lover of freedom, is in itself undesirable.

However luxurious the surroundings, that is not an ideal life where one must be constantly at the beck and call, or subject to the caprice,

of another during all the twenty-four hours, day in and day out.

To be always, so to speak, attached to one end of an electric wire, in readiness to respond to a call, to be at once in evidence and yet ever self-effaced, would not tempt one who has known the joy of independent movement. Probably there is no other position of service where one individual has more power to make another miserable, than has the inconsequent or selfish mistress in the treatment of her maid. The hired companion's position is heaven by comparison, although in both instances, luxury and bondage go hand in hand —both are joyless.

Some day, when the lady's-maid, the hired companion, the resident governess, and the trained nurse combine and give to the world, in a publication, an account of their collective experiences and aggregated miseries, unbelievable will be the revelations therein contained. There are, it is true, considerate people, capable of recognizing the rights of those in their service, and, unquestionably, there are incompetent and untrustworthy employees, who do not remain long in any situa-

tion, and are not the sufferers from the conditions just referred to. Occasionally, the tables are turned upon the hard mistress. To her displeased surprise, she experiences a taste of retribution here.

A competent lady's-maid receives from twenty-five to forty dollars a month, according to her experience, usefulness, and daring to charge, and the length of her service in one place.

Of course, appreciation and a native sense of justice, on the part of the employer, are potent factors in the regulation and advancement of all wages paid. There is a sort of employers' union, the world over, whose unwritten laws are implicitly obeyed by the majority of people. Its motto is—never pay more than others do, even if the service be invaluable — in three words — "*keep wages down.*"

A lady's-maid is expected to understand hair-dressing, as well as everything pertaining to the toilet of a well-dressed woman. She must be extremely neat and trim in her person, tidy in her own room, and also fitted to preserve order in her department of service.

Without these qualifications she can never fill a post that calls for alertness. "A place for everything, and everything in its place," is the guiding principle of every good lady's-maid. She must be able, at a moment's notice, to lay her hand upon anything belonging to her own toilet or that of her mistress. To these capabilities must be added gentleness, good manners, and tactful unobtrusiveness. If she can manage also to be deaf, dumb, and blind, on occasion, she will greatly enhance her own personal comfort, as well as her desirability as an attendant at all hours and under varied circumstances.

In handsomely ordered establishments, her duties are chiefly with the wardrobe and toilets of her mistress. When Paris trunks arrive filled with the newest and most elaborate garments for every imaginable occasion, the maid stands in readiness to find places for the new finery. She must be skilful about her duties, and fertile in expedients for care of the new raiment. The trying on is no small task. It often exhausts both mistress and maid, as well as the dressmaker who may be called in to make such slight alterations as are

occasionally required. It is due, however, to the Parisian dressmaker, to say that—with only the photograph, coloring, and made-up figure, according to measurements, of her patron—the gowns arrive, as a rule, ready to be worn, and fitting to perfection. Immediately there ensues a prompt assorting, packing, and forwarding of the owner's last season's garments to her ever expectant friends and relatives of moderate means.

A well-groomed woman never wears anything that has lost its pristine freshness; she is always arrayed cap-à-pie as if just from the hands of the ladies' tailor. In this distribution of last season's outfit, the maid, who is also well-dressed, comes in for a complete walking outfit that in a measure compensates for the wearisome and perplexing business of putting away the contents of several large Paris trunks.

A family once went abroad, leaving one of the personal maids behind to attend to packing and forwarding to their country home the summer wardrobes of the travelers. After unpacking, and arranging in their several apartments, the elaborate toilets of three

fashionable women, the maid was desperate. Every closet, wardrobe, and chiffonier was full, and yet there was more, for which she could find no place. Appealing, in her perplexity, to the managing housekeeper, she was told to use any guest-rooms for the purpose, until the return of the family, when her mistress could instruct her as to the disposition of their endless clothes. Among other things, the shoes were no insignificant item. The maid announced in despair, regarding one of the three, "Mademoiselle Alsie has seventy-two pairs of shoes!" Some of their closets looked like shoe shops, and others like milliners' windows.

A lady's-maid moves always in accord with the routine of the woman upon whom she waits. In the morning, at the first sound of the bell, she must be ready to enter and assist at the ante-breakfast bed toilet. The daily paper, and the lady's large, completely furnished writing-blotter, she places within reach, and then retires to lay out the garments for the morning, according to directions. From this time until her mistress either goes out or begins to receive callers, the maid may not

venture far away, unless sent on an errand by her employer.

When there has been a ball the night before, the order of her services will be changed. Her mistress may take a morning sleep, and not need her before noon. But a maid finds plenty of occupation in examining the ball dress, to discover if there be a stitch needed prior to hanging it away. Besides this, all the costumes of the previous day require inspection before they are put away to await another occasion.

In a preceding chapter, was given a description of the place arranged and set apart for brushing cloth and velvet. Thither the maid will repair, while her lady is taking her "beauty sleep," or when she is entertaining, or out. Then, without fear of interruption, she can attend to the waiting costumes before restoring them to their own places in the dark wardrobe room.

Often, during one day, a society woman will put on and off several costumes, according to the number and variety of functions upon her engagement calendar. Her maid prepares and adjusts each change of apparel. Here is

her opportunity to evince both taste and tact, by seeking to display every advantage and hide every defect of the woman she is serving. Not always is it an easy task to convert into a good-looking woman one upon whom Dame Fortune has been more lavish in gifts than Mother Nature. When a mistress is pleasant in manner and amiable in disposition, her maid will be proud, and fond, of her; even jealous lest some other woman shall out-do "her lady" in style, or out-shine her in beauty.

A maid who had a sweet-tempered and pretty mistress used to say, after a ball or dinner: "O, I watched, and there wasn't a lady as beautiful and as beautifully dressed as mine."

Truth compels the statement that women seldom evoke either the affection or respect of their attendants. Few indeed are saints, in the estimation of their maids. In the case of many, distance lends enchantment.

Upon one occasion, a woman of great wealth, having just returned from Europe, with innumerable trunks full of costly clothes, kept her maid unpacking for two days, and walking to and fro through a long hall to show her the things. When, upon the third day

after their arrival, the mistress took to her bed, exhausted with *looking* at her countless pieces of finery, the maid, all flushed with her own exertions, remarked, naïvely, "I thought she must be very strong to go on so long without rest."

Some women in the lap of luxury are self-helpful; others behave like lay figures during their toilet-making. In either instance a capable maid finds enough to do in her daily routine — following a fashionable society woman through all her vagaries and costume-changing.

Dress, dress, dress—in satin, and velvet, and lace. Dress, dress, dress—in furbelows, velvet, and flowers. Many a maid might sing this refrain, in dolorous tones, as she goes about her duties, ministering to the current vogue, according to the dictates of her "Madame."

After each toilet, the lady's-maid, with her own chamois, feather duster, and soft silk cloth, attends to every article on the dressing-table, leaving no sign of cosmetic or powder. Everything is immaculately clean and polished before she retires from the dressing-room—not

a door nor a drawer left open. Each article is in its place, ready for the next occasion.

When the society woman departs for an afternoon round of calls, her maid may have a chance to retire to her own room for a little rest, or go out and take the air—provided her mistress be not one of those who crowd personal attendants with so much sewing that they can accomplish their tasks only by employing every spare moment, evenings and Sundays not excepted.

One beautiful Sunday morning in summer, a lady found one of these maids sewing for her mistress, and asked her why she did so. The answer came sadly: "O, Madame gives me so much to do, I could never get through without working evenings and Sundays."

Then the lady repaired to the luxurious piazza, where, exquisitely arrayed, idly lounged the mistress of the establishment, surrounded by everything to delight the eye and minister to comfort.

"Do you know that your maid finds herself so crowded with work that she sews even on Sundays?" was the question asked; to which came this answer, drawled out in an indifferent

tone: "Y-e-s, I know it, but I am not *supposed* to know it." The questioner was the managing housekeeper, and therefore no pretense of humanity, before her, was deemed necessary.

Often it is the maid's duty to remain up very late, either to go for her mistress, and drive home with her, or else to meet and assist her in disrobing for the night. During the gay season, a woman who attends upon one of fashion's votaries, must learn to exist with short periods for sleep. *Her* breakfast hour will never be changed to afford her time to make up lost rest. Her ear must be always attuned to the electric bell-call of her mistress. Its button is at the side of the "Madame's" bed, and she has only to reach out her arm, to press it without setting foot upon the floor.

Another of a lady's-maid's duties is to be on hand when there are dinners and dances given in the house, to assist arriving and departing guests in removing and replacing their carriage-wraps and boots. Her hours are indeed long. She may, to the ordinary onlooker, seem to have an easy post, because she does no hard, rough work, and is always well-dressed, but those who know the

true inwardness of those positions can cite instances enough to reverse that judgment, and effectually prevent any one from hankering after a similar berth. Although, in many cases, she will have no garments to make, a maid should always be an expert needlewoman, because the exquisite raiment of her mistress needs an occasional stitch, which she must take without marring the dainty, artistic work on gowns and lingerie.

Ladies'-maids are usually expected to wait upon guests who have left their own attendants at home, because, where there is a large house party, visitors are occasionally requested to go unattended. Then, if never before, a lady's-maid needs all her skill and wits, and her activities find full play. She must go from room to room, offering her services, especially to newly arrived visitors, whose trunks are to be unpacked and their contents distributed in closets, wardrobes, and chiffoniers. She should also "speed each parting guest," by packing her trunks for her.

Ladies'-maids and valets read the characters of the people they serve better than is possible for their most intimate friends. People are

apt to forget that servants have eyes and ears, wits, sensibilities, and quick intuitions, and can not avoid seeing and hearing, in some instances, more than they care to know. If of inquiring minds, they find ample opportunity to gratify their curiosity. Upon some, without their own volition, undesired information is thrust. A lady's-maid once remarked, "Why, they behave and talk in our presence, as if we were doltish, and could understand nothing." Another maid, who went with a young bride upon her wedding journey, a tour round the world, remarked after her return, "O, how sorry I felt for her. She was married like a princess, and traveled like a beggar!" The bride had been reared in luxury, and was married, when still very young, to a rich but stingy man. Although unaware of it she had, during her wedding trip, the sincere, though unexpressed, pity of her waiting-maid.

When the life of a society dame or damsel is realized, it is easy to understand that someone behind the scenes must ever be on the alert, to enable her to "keep up her pace." None but a wide-awake, untiring maid-in-waiting can fill the requirements of an ordi-

nary day in the life of a fashionable woman. When journeys are taken, and the itinerary calls for frequent changes, a maid's expertness in packing and unpacking is put to the severest test. She must forget nothing, and have all in readiness for the toilet, at each stop. The dressing-case bag is no light burden, containing, as it does, an outfit of silver or gold.

A trip abroad, with one of these restless, ever-on-the-move women, usually results in the fagging-out of her personal attendant. A couple of uncommonly faithful and capable maids, upon returning from a trip of this character, each declared that it was the most trying experience of their lives. They had neither pleasure nor common comforts. Much of the time they had been miserable, and put to their wits' end to accomplish what was required of them. Another very competent lady's-maid, whose post of duty was in the country, after anticipating with keen pleasure a trip to New York with her mistress, who went to attend the horse show, declared upon her return, that she felt herself more of a prisoner while in town than when off in the country, for she was tantalized by being near her own people, with-

out having an opportunity to go and see them. Her mistress was staying at the Waldorf, and whenever she went out, obliged the maid to remain constantly on guard over the suite of apartments. The maid had, for her own use, a room without daylight, where she had to sit, when her mistress was in and did not require her services. She afterward plaintively remarked, "If Madame had only let me know when she would not need me, I might have gone to see my friends. As it was, I could not even attend to a little shopping that I had promised to do for some of the girls in the house. Madame was always very late in going to bed even after returning from an entertainment. One night, after she was ready for bed, she asked:—'Have you picked up the jets that fell from my gown?' I answered:—'No, Madame, it is now after two o'clock. I will pick them up by daylight.'"

But there are mistresses who do have consideration for those in their employment. One fashionable woman, who makes no professions, never sends her maid laden with bags and wraps, by car or bus from railroad stations to her hotel, whether they go together or not.

The maid is expected to take a cab and travel comfortably, when going in advance of her mistress to make the apartment ready for the first toilet; and a cheerful room is always engaged for her own private use. The same mistress insists upon her maid having lunch at the regular hour, wherever she may be. "Take a good, hot lunch when you are out upon my errands," is the injunction; "do not wait for a late one upon your return." Of course, these lunches are charged to the mistress in her maid's monthly account, as the latter has sundry small details of shopping to do, in keeping her work-basket supplied for use upon the wardrobe of her mistress, and other occasional disbursements to make in her capacity as maid.

A faithful, painstaking, competent lady's-maid is a treasure seldom appreciated by any mistress, unless that mistress be one among ten thousand. With all the railing against this class of serving and self-supporting women, the simple truth remains—they average quite as high a type, if not higher, spiritually, than do those who, with superior advantages, often lead lives less useful, humane, or

honorable, than do the women whose office it is to wait upon and minister to the luxury of their environments, and save them the wear and tear of their rushing lives of pleasure.

To some it may appear superfluous to add that a lady's-maid never wears a cap, and only puts on an apron of fine muslin when she chooses to do so for her own convenience. In elegant houses, caps and large white aprons belong to the livery of housemaids. Cartoonists need coaching in this respect, as some pictures in journals of the day testify.

CHAPTER VI

THE HOUSEMAID

THE terms housemaid and chamber-maid are often used interchangeably. Either title belongs to a woman whose duties are principally connected with the private apartments and suites occupied by the family and guests in a private house.

A competent and ambitious housemaid will be found early at her work. This is a necessity, if she would retain her post in a well-managed house. It is customary to assign to one woman the entire charge of a floor, with its hall. Sometimes also a flight of the main staircase is included in her department of work. This is done when the entire staircase is not given into the care of some one servant. If a house be of unusual size, of course more than one chamber-maid will be needed on each floor; the assignment of duties being then made so that only a fair proportion of the care shall devolve upon each woman. By this ar-

rangement, all work may be done thoroughly, because without hurry.

In houses of the character under present consideration no slighting of work can be tolerated. Each housemaid is held responsible for the order and cleanliness of her own department—window-cleaning excepted. This is done by a man. But the housemaid sees daily to all of her window-sills, and permits no accumulation of dust beyond that of one day upon any of them. The observance of this rule makes interior dusting less formidable. It is a case proving "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Halls and stairways should always be cleaned before the family leave their sleeping rooms. So far as possible, the housemaid should do her work unseen. When it becomes necessary for her to be within sight, quietness and unobtrusiveness should mark all her movements. The well-trained housemaid allows no dust to gather in any corner, however remote. Above all, she proves her careful training by the *use she makes of a feather duster*. Her constant weapons against dust are cheesecloth and silk. The feather duster, with its long

handle, is her *last* resort, when the place to be dusted is beyond the reach of her arm. She also knows that a small feather duster is suitable only for books and ornaments, or where a cloth is not fitted to do the work thoroughly, for the reason that it cannot be made to enter tiny crevices. A neat housemaid washes her feather dusters regularly, and hangs them in the air to dry. In this connection, it may be pertinent to remark that some servants, notably men, find an extraordinary and extravagant use or *mis*-use for these fragile household implements. Any observing person going about may see men flourishing feather dusters down the stone steps of houses, and even making a pretense of sweeping sidewalks with them. The absurdity and shiftlessness of thus substituting a feather duster for a strong broom needs no emphasis. Yet this sight greets one almost every day. Common sense, if cultivated, would teach anyone that feather dusters are appropriate only for very light dusting in the interior of houses. They may, with propriety, follow a silk, or soft, cloth for the removal of dust—but should never take its place.

In using the carpet-sweeper, the housemaid ought to remember that when it is in motion the sound is neither musical nor soothing, therefore it should never be used in the neighborhood of bedchambers where people are sleeping. The broom and small whisk do the work more quietly, with less risk of disturbing those who are taking rest. Very few persons can be trusted to use a carpet-sweeper discreetly and with due regard to handsome woodwork. It should never be employed near the surbase nor around heavy, immovable furniture. In all such places, the whisk or the larger broom should precede, and prepare the way for, the carpet-sweeper. Without these precautions, it is impossible to avoid defacing something valuable. A tidy housemaid never puts away the sweeper until she has opened and freed it from the dust and clogging material collected during active service. Once a week she gives it a bath in warm water, and then oils it, making it as noiseless as possible.

A housemaid's closets are, respectively: first, one well plumbed for yielding an abundant flow of hot and cold water for her especial convenience. It has a very large porcelain basin,

and proportionately large waste-pipe. The floor is of white marble or tiles, and the walls have a high wainscoting of marble. It is brightly lighted, and easily kept spotlessly clean. This closet enables the house-maid to do all of her work without recourse to bathrooms for any purpose except to clean them. Another closet contains the implements of her warfare against dust and dirt of every kind, and each tool is kept upon its own hook when not in use. The shelves hold her own supply of soap, sapolio, ammonia, alcohol, etc., as well as boxes of toilet-soap for the family. Here, too, she keeps clean dusters and towels for her work, and an orderly compartment-basket containing chamois, polishing stuff, and prepared cloths for expeditious faucet cleaning. She has also a work-basket supplied with whatever is necessary to enable her to take the "stitch in time," when she discovers a little rip in a sofa cushion, fringe, gimp, or anything else in her department. Her pails and towels are either marked or of a distinctive color or stripe. They can not go astray or be borrowed. One of her pails has a compartment-tray, fitting its top. She can

carry water below, and soap, sponge, sapolio, towel, etc., in the tray, without one thing interfering with another. The second closet is under lock and key, the key always in her own possession. She can go there in the dark, if necessary, and lay her hand upon anything desired.

Where people are very well off, one luxury in which they indulge is plenty of open fires. Steam-heat is then depended upon for warming halls and the servants' quarters only, and for equalizing the general temperature of a house. The care of these open fires is no trifle, but demands the same scrupulous neatness prevailing everywhere else in a house whose owner's wealth and sense of the "eternal fitness of things" are well proportioned. We may then expect in cold weather upon entering any room either a bright fire or else a faultlessly clean fireplace in readiness for the flash of a match —but never untidy dead ashes. As the housemaid lays all the open fires required on her floor, she has another closet expressly for fuel supplies. It is provided with portable bins, kept filled for her convenience. One bin contains soft coal, the other, kindling-wood.

Hickory logs are stored in large, ornamental hall boxes. She can build or replenish the fires under her care without leaving her own floor. Where open fires are in constant demand, great care is required in laying fuel for a new one. If the housemaid be not both experienced and watchful, her freshly laid wood may ignite from too close contact with embers of the last fire, not yet dead, and burn out before it is wanted. As a natural consequence of this seeming neglect of her duty she may receive a rebuke. To avoid this, as well as to spare herself extra work, she should learn to examine the embers and cover all live coals with cold ashes. Even further precaution is advisable. A safe plan is to lay the wood across the fire-irons carefully, while building a hollow square of the kindlings. She can then put the twisted paper in the hollow without permitting it to touch the ashes below. After leaving logs leaning against the sides of the fireplace, ready to use when the fire is wanted, she may go her way in peace, nor fear a sudden call from any irate individual, for "wood to be laid immediately." Of course, if directed to have a fire lighted at any given hour, to be in readiness for the re-

turn of the occupant of a room, a thoughtful housemaid will not fail to have one blazing in obedience to such orders.

Another very important duty of a housemaid is airing bedrooms and bedding. The wisdom of this hygienic precaution is realized by a very small portion of the human family, even when they belong to that advanced class commonly known as civilized and Christianized races. Neglect in this particular is inevitably followed by various objectionable conditions. It is small wonder that few chamber-maids are imbued with a keen sense of the importance of well-aired bedclothes, since the majority of men and women seem to dread and shun fresh air, as a mad dog dreads and shuns water. Upon this subject, many people are not sane. A draught of fresh air is appalling to them. They prefer to inhale a warm, poisonous atmosphere, to breathing cold, pure air. Yet it is certain that the general health of the community would average higher, if every boy and girl at an early age, of whatever condition in life, could be impressed with the importance of seeing regularly to the airing of their own rooms and beds. In houses where there is

abundant service, and time allowed for doing all the housework well, it might seem superfluous to train children upon these lines, but people of wealth are usually great travelers, and, in hotels and public places generally, such precautions can not be neglected by those who would feel assured of pure and sanitary conditions about their own persons. It is also well to remember the adage, daily proved, that "Riches take to themselves wings and fly away." Thoroughly aired bedclothes and well-ventilated bedchambers would probably dispose of many cases of insomnia, and often ward off a threatened attack of illness.

Housemaids, as a rule, are allowed too little time for the proper performance of this important bedroom function. The housemaid treated of in this chapter makes it her first business on entering a bedchamber in the morning—after the occupant has left it—to open the windows *top and bottom*, and thus promote a speedy circulation of fresh air, with its abundant infusion of oxygen. Next, she should strip the bed free of all its clothes and spread them over chairs near the open win-

dows, at the same time invariably observing great care in handling blankets, never allowing them to touch the floor for a single second. The reason for this is obvious. She should turn the mattress over, from head to foot one day, and from side to side the next, because this regular alternation in turning from day to day serves to equalize the effect of bodily pressure, and keeps a mattress shapely and comfortable for a longer time, and consequently less often in need of renovation. During the airing of bedrooms, the housemaid should keep doors leading into halls closed, bearing in mind that it is not necessary to freeze the entire household while airing certain rooms. She should lose no time while beds and rooms are having their air baths, but, armed with her well-furnished pail, proceed to clean all basins and bath-tubs, leaving each one perfectly dry. With a cloth prepared for the purpose, she should rub all the faucets and give them a final polish with a clean chamois. She should wipe the soap and soap-holders dry, and, last of all, replace every wrinkled towel with a fresh one. Upon the departure of a capable and conscientious housemaid, the

bathrooms will be as clean as a new pin, dainty and inviting.

When arranging a guest-chamber for a new visitor, every cake of soap that has been used by a former occupant is removed and replaced by a fresh one. This practise does not necessitate a waste of soap. It can be washed, dried, and then used in some other, less formal, part of the house. But no newly arrived guest should ever find soap that has been already used by another person.

The woman who aspires to perfection as a housemaid must exercise unwearied vigilance, and possess exhaustless patience. Absolute neatness in person, clothing, and about her work, are also indispensable. She will find herself sorely tried sometimes, and, like all whose lot it is to serve others constantly, she will discover ample opportunity for patience to have its perfect work manifest in her life and conversation. When about her duties, the housemaid, like the parlor-maid, wears a small cap that does not hide her neatly dressed hair. No tousled heads, in poor imitation of a prevailing fashion, will ever be seen among maids in any house where the *management and wages*

paid command the best domestic service. In the morning, the housemaid wears a clean and pretty gingham frock. Her afternoon dress is black, with broad, white linen collar and cuffs. Always, when on duty, she wears a beautifully laundered large white apron with wide ties, in some cases shoulder-straps of the same material as the apron. These regulation costumes are, of course, furnished by those who require their maids to wear them. Their laundering, and that of all her clothing, is done outside of the house, and at the expense of the household purse. Many cogent reasons regulate these matters. The principal ones are, first, a housemaid's duties are such that she can not absent herself from her post for a long enough time to accomplish that kind of work, and, second, there is no room in the laundry of a private house for outsiders. The laundresses need all of the space and all of the conveniences, without interruption, in order to accomplish the laundering of the family clothing and the house-linen.

Bedchambers, sitting-rooms, and boudoirs of sumptuous houses are, as a rule, crowded with works of art in fine china, cloisonné,

bronze, marble, silver, and gold. They are occasionally useful, sometimes ornamental—frequently neither one nor the other—but they always serve to emphasize the enormous weaith of their owners. These innumerable articles require care. They must not only be free from dust, but polished like new—articles uncared for, or only partially cared for, are, like shabby finery, an offense to good taste. Common sense would suggest sending them to the safety deposit vaults, or to a museum, or else, when they threaten to overflow all bounds, giving them to some one able and willing to bear the perpetual expense of having them properly cared for. Their owners may, however, find another way out of the difficulty by adopting the English custom of employing skilled and trustworthy persons to take special charge of all their ornaments and bric-à-brac. These experts come in by the hour or the day, their visits being as regular as those of the professional clock-winder, and, necessarily, more frequent. Although not inmates of the house they are at home in it for their specialized duties. Through their regular service, countless ornaments are preserved in dainty condition.

The housemaid is entitled to a couple of hours off duty each day, one afternoon and evening each week, and half of every second Sunday. Upon her return from her own room in the afternoon, she will have made her second toilet, and be ready for the round of duties awaiting her. She makes a tour of her department—after people have been in their rooms and gone out again—to restore order wherever its opposite may arrest her attention. In the winter she must light up early. Whenever a bedchamber has no private bath attached, she leaves one of the kettles, kept in the housemaid's closet expressly for the purpose, filled with hot water, in time for the return of the occupant to make an evening toilet. Later, when all have gone down-stairs or out, she goes for a last tour, to arrange rooms for the night. The elegant bedspreads she removes, replacing them with simple ones for the protection of blankets during the night. A housemaid proves her school of experience by the way she handles a blanket. Parenthetically, an incident may be cited showing that untrained servants are not the only careless and extravagant people in their treatment of

delicate and costly articles. A hostess, upon entering the bedchamber of a guest, found her visitor using a beautiful blanket as an improvised wrapper. It was pinned about her shoulders and she was trailing it around the room oblivious of, or indifferent to, the inevitable soil gathered as it swept the floor. The rôle of hostess forbade any display of her vexation upon seeing such inconsequent misuse of her property.

With examples of this sort—set by people who call themselves well-bred—can we wonder that it is difficult to find, and secure for house service, those who are careful when handling delicate articles? In very cold weather, after the already stated preliminary bed arrangement, she lays a down quilt across the foot of the bed, deftly folded, to be drawn up without effort, when desired, by the sleeper. At this hour, as ever, the housemaid needs memory and all of her common sense. The individual fancies of people whom she must please, rule, in all these night details. She is obliged to be quick in taking ideas, and subservient to the idiosyncrasies of each and all whose sleeping apartments fall to her charge. Win-

dow opening, shade and curtain drawing, lighting—all these, as well as other matters, depend upon the physical condition and the whims of the one whose room she may be arranging for the night. Consequently, no decided rules, fitting every case, can be laid down upon this subject. It is a noticeable fact that the human being with plenty of money is often a steadily developing crank, of whom it is impossible for any mortal to say "what next" will be demanded. In obeying orders during this last part of the day's routine, a housemaid will have to leave one room so shaded that not a ray of daylight can creep in to awaken the sleeper. In another, she may be ordered to have all curtains widely drawn apart and all shades up, to admit starlight or moonlight and the earliest dawn of the morning. One person enjoys the ticking and striking of a clock—another sends the clock to the closet, with the striking hammer muffled—still another wants the whole timepiece smothered in wraps, and put beyond any possibility of making its presence suspected.

Vagaries like these, beyond the possibility

of imagining or recounting, test a housemaid's memory, tact, and good temper to the utmost limit, and, at times, excite her laughter. Although it may not take her long to become acquainted with the peculiarities of the family proper—provided they are not variable in humor and temper—with the ever-changing occupants of guest-chambers these traits will be put to the proof over and over again. No matter how queer and crochety people may be, 'tis not for her to question why, but implicitly to obey the directions given to her. For instance—a housemaid was once ordered to find and kill a mosquito that had disturbed some one with its serenade the night before. There was a large suite of three rooms, full of furniture, pictures, and ornaments, all to be searched for the tiny invader and musician. (That occurrence was before the mosquito had become a yellow-fever demon, and acquired so many formidable titles big with sinister meaning.) Can we doubt that a housemaid may now and then find her compensation among her own friends, by giving them a chance to laugh, or perhaps weep, with her when she tells of these and like experiences? We all

have our confidential friends to whom we go for sympathy.

To those who "live out" in the service of self-indulgent people, whose money enables them to gratify every whim and caprice, human nature becomes an open book, in large, clear type, sometimes ludicrous, not always agreeable reading. There is at least one household to-day, where the family do not hesitate to call a maid out of her bed at nearly midnight to make ready a guest-chamber for a visitor whom they have suddenly decided to bring home with them to a country house—only partially kept open in winter—and this after the maid has prepared all the rooms previously ordered to be in readiness, and has gone to her bed and well-earned rest.

In making bedchambers ready for the night, a housemaid has nothing to do with the nocturnal toilets of those who have personal servants to wait upon them. In other cases, she will know that it is her place to lay out the nightgown, neatly folded, upon the bed, after she has opened it and turned the blankets and upper sheet down at one side, like a half handkerchief with three corners. The wrap-

per she leaves over a chair, and the toilet-slippers on the floor, peeping out from under the wrapper's hem. Last of all, she places a tray with ice-water in the room, and retires.

When not over-burdened with work, but allowed to do it well, a housemaid who is attentive to her duties keeps all of her rooms so clean that there is seldom necessity for their being turned upside down. When things are neglected until this becomes inevitable, the so-called cleaning amounts to little better than a stirring up of restful dust—setting it flying, only to settle back again in its old unmolested haunts, during the next period of negligence—boarding-house fashion. To keep everything clean and orderly is far wiser than to produce periodical chaos, permitting an intermediate reign of dust and dirt. A competent woman, able to be thorough about her daily work, never causes a furniture quake in her domain. Unfortunately for themselves and those who serve them, there are still many people who cling with tenacity worthy of a better cause, to traditional methods, just because of their hoary age. Among these time-

worn, but, unhappily, not worn-out notions, "sweeping day" still holds its own in many houses where it could and should be an obsolete term. "Sweeping day" should be unheard of in a fine house, occupied by people able to employ a proper force of servants, and to live in accordance with their grand environment.

Impossibilities are sometimes demanded of good and willing servants, the housemaid as well as others. An exacting mistress, who shall be nameless, laid down a law in her own beautiful country house requiring every bedchamber to be "turned out" once a week and cleaned, *whether it had been occupied or not.* There were many guest-chambers in her house, though not many guests. A competent and faithful woman filled the place of chambermaid on the floor where that feminine magnate had her own elegant suite of rooms. The housemaid pursued her round of work blamelessly, neglecting nothing in places seen or unseen. Fortunately for her, the floors were of polished hardwood, with rugs. She kept everything exquisitely clean. Absurd as it may seem, it is a fact, that the bedchamber occupied by the

formulator of the order was not vacated long enough for the maid to obey the order literally. Notwithstanding there was in her suite a handsome boudoir, to which she should have repaired each morning, that mistress remained in her bedroom until late each day, always breakfasting, often lunching, there. When the housemaid inquired of her at what time she might have the apartment for cleaning, she was told that she could take some day when her employer was out at lunch. During three consecutive weeks, no lunch took her away from home. She held possession daily until the hour for her afternoon drive. Then it was too late to begin such work. As a consequence, the *only* place where her own edict *could not* be obeyed to the letter, was the bedchamber occupied by *herself alone*, and used by her more constantly than any other room in the house. It is but just to add that the housemaid, in spite of all hindrances, kept the place perfectly clean, without any "turning out" of the furniture. This the mistress herself admitted, though she was not prone to graceful acknowledgment, or gentle speech.

An exceedingly important duty of the housemaid, that can not be passed over lightly, is the care of beds. No matter how luxurious a house may be, this is a paramount necessity. Once a month, bedsteads should be washed with carbolized water. Every part not visible must always be kept free from dust. Where slats and their supports are scrupulously clean, the scarlet runner—*cimex lectularius* (so formidable an intruder *should* have its Latin name)—never finds a permanent habitation. It is well to bear in mind that these obnoxious insects do not stop to propagate their kind in clean places. They thrive and increase only in neglected spots. Possession, in their case, is far more than the proverbial "nine points." In so extreme a case as that of possession, a daily examination of every part of the infested bed becomes an imperative duty. Naphtha is a prompt and clean exterminator. But only a very cautious person should be allowed to use it, for the odor is unpleasant and far-reaching, and abundant ventilation is indispensable to avoid a possible explosion where it is freely employed. Every well-trained housemaid may be relied upon to

sound the alarm upon the first sign of the presence of *one* of these pests. They usually betake themselves first to the bed-linen, and show a fondness for white coverings, while on their way to the more secluded quarters chosen for their place of residence. It is easy to arrest their progress while they are yet strangers, but woe betide the careless housemaid who neglects prompt precautions at the sight of one of these foes to nice housekeeping, for they are remarkably obedient to the scriptural injunction, "Increase and multiply," and are said to fulfil that command unto the third and fourth generation within twenty-four hours. Extreme watchfulness is essential where people travel much, for they often bring these pests home in their luggage. Upon each return of voyagers, especial precaution is demanded to forestall these uninvited and unwelcome red rovers in a house. Above all, it becomes a serious problem when people are possessed by a craze for antique furniture. Then, indeed, and alas! a housemaid's vigilance may be of no avail.

A well-known American, and many times a millionaire, is very fond of the antique. He

built a great palace, with every modern improvement, and then proceeded in the furnishing to import divers ancient things from abroad—old rugs, old bedsteads, old embroideries, all costly in more senses than one. Some of the rugs and bedsteads were so infested with these insects that cremation proved the only solution of the problem.

Old continental heirlooms of bygone splendor, and convent relics of an age of pious uncleanliness, ought to be carefully examined before purchasing. Beautiful, but dirty, old embroideries, and, indeed, all things antique, will bear purifying, and should be consigned to the naphtha vat of a professional cleaner before being shipped to American shores, laden, as they are, with microbes, and unclean conditions, physical and psychic. One would sometimes be led almost to believe that these conditions enhance their value, judging from the prices paid on the other side, by eager purchasers, for rugs too weak to bear cleaning, embroideries too dirty to be handled, and bedsteads lively enough to transport themselves across the ocean, independent of any steamers. The housemaids who have to contend with the

consequences of this fad deserve commiseration.

There is a rule that should be laid down by and for herself, and unswervingly observed by every housemaid. It is this. Never leave anything on a stairway for people to trip over. Implements of every kind, above all a pail, empty or full, should always be placed in corners away from the usual thoroughfares, in rooms or halls. This should be undeviatingly practised, not only by housemaids, but by all workers. When called away, for ever so short a time, strict observance of this rule would prevent a possible disaster. So slight a thing as a dust-cloth, left on the stairs, might result in a strain, or even a broken bone, to some one descending in haste. It is surprising, how stupidly careless the majority of people are in this respect until a serious accident resulting from their recklessness compels them to think and avoid risks. Incidentally, we may say that workmen about a house need constant watching to prevent them from leaving their tools where they are likely to do the most mischief. They seem, also, to have a penchant for the best of everything. When

the carpenter, or the plumber, is at work in her department, the wary housemaid finds him prone to select a delicate, brocaded, satin-covered chair-seat for his hammer and chisel. There is another thing to be said in this connection. When the workman arrives, the housemaid should tell him where he will find broom and dust-pan, and let him understand that he is expected to leave no untidy souvenirs of his visit behind him. Any experienced housekeeper will authorize the housemaid to follow this plan. (This subject has been discussed in another chapter, but will bear emphatic repetition.)

In houses of the unco rich one kind of service, entirely out of her line of work, is sometimes exacted of a housemaid. It is a small economy that frequently deprives her of expected leisure. When there are large dinners, with too many covers for the ordinary pantry force to handle, one, two,or three of the housemaids are impressed into the service, according to the extra help requisite there, regardless of any inconvenience that may result to one or all of them. This may—often does—occur upon the day that a maid has every right

to call her own—if it be her usual afternoon and evening out. Yet, she is expected to submit without a murmur, or lose her place, and be accused of being unamiable or disobliging. This amounts to a severe tax upon her time and strength, during the long season for fashionable dinner-giving in a gay town house. It is even harder when house-parties are continuous in a summer home. Her own duties, in the latter case, are increased by the constant presence of numerous visitors, and the consequent occupation of every guest-chamber. It is inconsiderate, as well as unfair, to add, either in town or country, extra work in the pantry to her regular duties. Few people realize that when a housemaid loses her afternoon or evening out, even if it be made up to her later, she may be obliged to break an engagement and thus disappoint others as well as herself. If employers would apply to themselves the rule, "Put yourself in his place," they would assuredly reflect seriously upon this lack of equity in the treatment of employees, and be led to readjust their relations by using ethical measures in all their dealings. One afternoon and evening a week,

and half of every Sunday, is a moderate allowance for recreation, when all the rest of a housemaid's time is claimed by others, and surely this should be hers without encroachment. When we consider that those who deprive her of these infrequent periods for refreshment, or who over-tax her for the sake of petty economy, are themselves living in one incessant holiday, unlimited by any pecuniary restrictions, it is more surprising that they can wilfully infringe upon the rights of one so much less fortunately placed than themselves.

The principles enunciated two thousand years ago on the Mount of Beatitudes—summed up in the Golden Rule, remain yet to be put in practise by the majority of people—preachers of righteousness included.

The wages of a housemaid range from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a month—their amount depending upon the responsibilities assigned to her, her experience, and the length of time she may have remained in one house.

Before closing this chapter, an incident in the writer's experience will prove the excellent mind a housemaid may possess. There

THE HOUSEMAID

was once a capable and handsome young woman who was persistently wooed by a man whom she did not love. She was only a poor girl, living out at service. The man who wanted her for his wife was a well-to-do builder. If she could have accepted his offer of marriage—made several times—she would have gone to a new house of her own, with a servant to wait upon her. It was—for her—as tempting a prospect as that in the case of a girl without money, in the social world, when she is courted by a very rich man, whom she does not love, but who offers her a luxurious home and all the alluring things that money can buy. We all know full well how often women sell themselves in wedlock, and call the bargain marriage.

This poor girl who "lived out" said, in speaking of the man and the—for her—enticing prospect: "O, it was very tempting, to feel that I could have a pretty home of my own, a man who would love and take care of me, and someone to work for and wait upon me. All my life, since I was very young, I have been poor, and have had to work for my living. *It has been very hard sometimes.* I almost made up

my mind to say yes, but I asked myself the question: 'If he was poor and sick, would I marry him—could I be happy as his wife?' and I knew that I could not. So I told him, 'No.'"

CHAPTER VII

THE PARLOR-MAID

THERE are, broadly considered, three varieties in the class called parlor-maids. The special duties of each are determined by the degree of fashion characterizing the general management of an establishment.

First there is the one employed in an extremely fashionable mansion, where several men are engaged in house service. In an establishment of this sort, the parlor-maid is usually an invisible functionary, doing much of her work before the day begins for the family. She must efface herself during calling hours, and while any entertaining is in progress—be seen very seldom, and heard not at all. For her to open the door at any time, would be to call down anathemas upon her devoted head, and dire disgrace upon whoever should be discovered responsible for permitting such a breach of etiquette. As soon might one expect to see liveried men wearing mustaches,

as a woman opening the door in the ultra-fashionable house.

Second in the class, is the parlor-maid who is found in a less pretentious household, where only two or three men are employed, and where, of course, everything is done upon a more moderate scale.

The third, is the parlor-maid in a comfortable, but entirely unpretentious house, where there is only one man, who, filling many posts, is sometimes erroneously called a butler.

Let us begin with the parlor-maid in a very large and extremely fashionable establishment, where "Jeemes," the veritable butler, is found, usually lording it over five or six footmen in livery. The young woman who takes a post in a place of this kind must have experience, thorough training, and a level head—in a word poise—if she would secure and retain the situation by filling the place creditably. As the scene of her duties is mainly upon the first floor, where men are also engaged, and constant association with them is unavoidable, she learns the necessity for bearing herself with quiet dignity, if she would avoid unpleasant experiences, and command respect. She

also discovers very soon that association of the two sexes in work develops characteristics differing from those that are commonly manifested in other, less business-like relations in life. Chivalry, so-called, and even-handed justice, are usually crowded out when moneyed interests and the division of work are engaging the attention at the same time, of men and women alike. This will be found true in every department of the wage-earning, work-a-day world. The parlor-maid, therefore, meets disciplinary lessons, learning to stand alone, to hold her own, and allow no one to impose work upon her that does not belong to her assignment.

Men in private houses, earning their living, differ only in opportunity and degree from those who are abroad in the business world. Altruistic, ideals *wait* for the world of Christendom to see visions and follow their teaching. Wall Street, with Old Trinity's spire ever in view, is symbolic of the entire situation. And so the parlor-maid, with every other self-supporting woman, finds someone ready and alert to impose upon her if she be not wary. But the parlor-maid who knows her own work, attends

to it faithfully, talks little, gossips never, and meddles with no one else, will get along, and those who are wise will not make any effort to impose on her. In fulfilling her assigned duties she has enough to occupy time and thought, with sufficient weight of responsibility resting upon her to cultivate wise caution in her deportment. Since the average man is somewhat deficient in his vocabulary, and it often fails him altogether—a few "swear" words being the only language at his command to express himself under pressure of circumstances—the parlor-maid finds a judicious ignoring advisable—even a semblance of mental absorption, or deafness, very convenient at times. Finally, she will do well to regard all the household men, at least during working hours, as only so many useful spokes or cog-wheels in the machinery, of which she also forms a part. Her work allows of no distractions. Sentiment, or a disposition to flirt, if indulged, will bring her to grief, and land her in the intelligence office, there to wait, a sadder if not a wiser woman, for another situation.

The principal duties of a parlor-maid are the care of the drawing-room, reception-room,

and library. To these is added one flight of the main staircase, from the first to the second floor, unless one servant takes charge of the entire stairway. As all dusting and cleaning are done when none but servants are about, the parlor-maid is up and at work early, for she must never forget the rigorous rule, already mentioned, that makes it an offense against sacred proprieties for a woman to be seen about on the first floor after the day has begun for the fashionable world. The more liveried *men* in evidence, the better, as they are supposed to impart style to a ménage. It is a well-known fact that they *do less* and are *paid more* than any woman about a house. It seems, at present, a generally accepted notion—the world over—least work, most pay, and proportionate regard in inverse ratio. One of the parlor-maid's earliest duties in the morning is to sponge the dust away from all the window-sills of rooms in her care. Her department demands close attention. All hardwood floors are polished by skilled workmen, who attend to them about once a month, but at other times they are under the parlor-maid's care. She has canton

flannel bags for her broom, these, and cheesecloth dusters, she uses every morning, before beginning the finer dusting of furniture and ornaments. She goes carefully over the floors with her *always clean* broom-bag, changing it as often as necessary, and never omitting to turn up all rug edges while about that work. Every corner, or place inconvenient for the bagged broom, she wipes with a soft cheesecloth duster. The carpet-sweeper removes dust from rugs, raising none. Tiger, bearskin, and all fur rugs, are cared for by one of the men, upon specially appointed days. When a heavy piece of furniture is to be moved, that also is a man's work and usually belongs to the one occupied nearest to her, because he can render assistance without delay. It may happen that some one of the men will have a heart susceptible to the parlor-maid's charms. In that case, the sighing swain will be alert to know when he may ingratiate himself into her favor by opportunely appearing whenever she needs him. The parlor-maid does not clean the gold or silver ornaments. These are taken to the pantry by the butler, and kept bright by skilled hands, accus-

tomed to that kind of work. She keeps the sash-curtains hanging evenly, and also raises the shades, observing great care to have the general height uniform. For management of window-shades, she needs to possess a trait, among all grades of human beings the rarest —Common Sense. The hour of the day, the season of the year, the weather, the sun's heat—these have to be considered at one time or another in the performance of this, apparently, trifling detail of her daily service. It is safe to say that a parlor-maid who can be trusted to keep her window-sills spotless, without being reminded, and all corners free from dust, who also evinces judgment in managing windows and shades, may be relied upon to attend well, without any prompting, to the remainder of her work. Trifles light as air show character, ability, memory, judgment, faithfulness. Unquestionably, orders of "the powers that be," inexorably control her in the performance of her duties, especially with reference to the "shade management." Opinions of what is desirable differ almost as much as individual whims and peculiarities differ in the *genus homo*. Heat and cold, wind and rain,

sunshine and shadow, usually modify all rules laid down regarding shade, curtain, and window management, unless—and it is not unthinkable—those "powers" be themselves lacking in, or utterly destitute of, the aforementioned rare trait. Doubtless there are masters and mistresses who would sooner stumble over furniture, or trip and go down upon a bearskin's head, than admit a ray of sunshine, to "fade" curtains, carpet, or furniture. They order their houses so darkened that they seem to one entering from outside like infirmaries for the blind, or retreats for people with weak eyes. One needs finger-tips like those of the sightless, with gray brain tissue unusually lodged therein, to feel the way about without receiving or doing some damage. When the parlor-maid lives with one who loves darkness better than light, her duties are not so complex, but then her common sense is in danger of becoming atrophied through disuse.

The care and arrangement of flowers is an onerous task, where they are found in the profusion customarily seen in the homes of American millionaires. The butler is usually held

responsible for receiving, unpacking, and distributing those that arrive two or three times a week, from country green-houses, and the ordinary dining-room decorations belong also to him, but for other portions of the main floor, the parlor-maid either lends him her aid, or else arranges by herself the vases in her own realm of work. Assignment of the floral display is, however, necessarily dependent upon the degree of taste and the leisure of those to whom it is given. In a millionaire's house, fresh flowers are constantly arriving from other sources besides the family private green-houses—one of numerous cases in point showing that to those who have, more is always given. Flowers are so profusely distributed, in houses of wealth, that their arrangement absorbs a great deal of time. The best management divides their arrangement, leaving those that are sent upstairs to the care of the housemaids. Since the greater proportion find place on the first floor, if the butler and the parlor-maid can agree to work in harmony they are wise, for by amiable co-operation flowers can be distributed in less time than if each work independently of the

other. Few realize that co-operation and many hands make light work and turn it off rapidly.

One especial charge, of great responsibility, belonging to the parlor-maid, is the oversight of soiled table-linen. She permits no article to remain long enough in the pantry to be caught up in haste by any thoughtless person for misuse. Into a hamper devoted to it alone she deposits, as soon as it leaves the dining-room, every piece intended for the laundry. Before sending down the contents of the hamper, she carefully sorts and counts everything. Immediately upon its receipt it is again counted by the head laundress. Each woman has for this purpose, a book, into which she enters the pieces, large and small. By this system, loss is avoided in passing from dining-room to laundry, nor can anything, from the largest table-cloth to the smallest doily, be abused. When clean linen is sent from the laundry to the housekeeper, these two books are compared with each other, and with the linen, before it is put away. This practise safeguards valuable articles against damage or loss. Were it not for the watchful inter-

vention of the parlor-maid, beautiful and costly linen might be caught up and used indiscriminately in the hurried work of the busy pantry. Without doubt, fine satin-damask napkins and table-cloths with elaborately-embroidered monograms have been degraded from their lawful use in houses of the rich, where there is no well-trained woman to supervise these matters.

There was once in these United States, a private residence equipped with exquisite French linen, made to order, regardless of expense. How little those who handled it appreciated its beauty, or its costliness, the following story will show.

When the florist came to arrange the centrepiece for a large dinner, because the table was too large for him to reach the middle while standing upon the floor, he was obliged to mount before he could reach a convenient position to place the prepared sections of the centrepiece, as he received them from the hands of his assistant. The flowers did not arrive until an hour or two before dinner time. Then the table was all ready for the banquet—its cloth a work of art, costing many hundreds

of dollars. The crystal, silver, and gold table furnishings were moved aside to make a passageway for the florist to do his work. To protect the table-cloth from contact with the man's boots, the butler used to take another equally beautiful cover differing only in size from the one protected, and, because it was going to the laundry, place it where the florist's route lay as he walked to reach the table's centre. Seldom have delicate women, in satin slippers, trodden upon anything so white and beautiful as did that unappreciative man, when in "common leather not over neat," he made his way over wonderfully woven and embroidered satin-damask, on the eve of a grand dinner. It seems needless to state that when this action was discovered the butler received prompt admonition to use something less costly on such occasions. That discovery led to a radical reform. The plan already mentioned —by which the parlor-maid looks after the soiled linen—put it beyond the possibility of profane tread by any man's leather soles. Again, engraved crystal, although expensive, needs not, for the preservation of its clearness, to be wiped nor polished with fine dinner nap-

kins. This, too, may happen where preventive measures are not adopted, but servants are not to be blamed, especially if the pantry is not amply supplied with soft towels suitable for the work. It is well to guard against reckless acts of irresponsible persons in the midst of hurry.

When the number of dinner-guests gives to the pantry-maid more work during the serving of a meal than she can manage alone, it is understood that the parlor-maid shall be the first person called upon to help, and she must always be ready to respond without delay to the pantry's call.

As table-setting and waiting upon table are a part of her work, she should be expert at both. In these houses there is generally an early evening meal, sometimes only a high tea, often a little dinner of five or six courses. This is provided for the children of the house, when they are too young to go to the late dinner. At this meal the managing housekeeper presides, and usually takes her own dinner. Occasionally, some guest or member of the family may prefer to join these early dinners. For these reasons, the parlor-maid, whose work it is

to serve this meal, must be an expert waitress, and know how to set a table tastefully. When the number of covers exceeds her power to serve properly, one of the men assists her, and on her regular afternoon off her place is taken by a man.

Where people are wealthy and self-indulgent, there is much tray-carrying. Breakfasting in bed is a very common practise, even amongst those people when in health. However, the *average health* of the well-to-do class seems poor. They spend much time in doctoring and coddling themselves, and as a natural consequence, trays, little and big, are being sent to rooms at all hours of the day. This service is commonly assigned to men, especially where there is no elevator in the house. A man's arms are certainly better fitted for carrying a large tray. He is not hampered by skirts to trip him, and endanger his load. But, at times, a parlor-maid must aid in tray-carrying. Especially is this obligatory upon her, when the men are all busy with dinners or other entertainments that fill their time. In fine houses, recently built or remodeled, there are usually two elevators, making the service ample for

the entire household. There is one beautiful car, upholstered with brocade, and brightly lighted, that resembles a little boudoir, and is intended expressly for the family and their guests. The other is more substantial, but handsome enough to be in keeping with the general style of the house. It is divided into two stories, the lower part for moving trunks and freight, the upper, for passengers, intended chiefly for servants' use. Here we have an encouraging manifestation of "the quality of mercy" now developing in man's attitude to his fellow-man. To some this may seem a trifling advance, but it is an evidence of the unfoldment of humane traits hitherto dormant, especially in those whose fortunes place them entirely at their ease. Now, as never before, people are realizing that servants are not machines, but human beings, whose duties compel a great deal of walking and standing all day long, in addition to answering many calls up and down stairs. None need the elevator more than the servants in an extensive establishment.

It is the parlor-maid's business to guard the delicate silk and lace lamp-shades, prior to

lamp-filling, which is done by a man. Afterward, she replaces the shades. As they are easily soiled, this plan protects them from the inevitable damage they would suffer from contact with the man's hands. It seems superfluous to say that one who *fills* the lamps should not *touch the shades*, but experience proves that, in many houses, this warning is needed.

To equip the parlor-maid for her duties, all sorts of things are necessary; nice silk, as well as cheesecloth, dusters, small feather dusters of the best quality, fine hair-brushes for corners, plenty of broom-bags, clean sponges, etc., and a work-basket furnished with every variety of colored silks, that she may, whenever it is necessary, take the "stitch in time." She also handles priceless articles at every turn, and should be allowed plenty of time for her work, and not be interrupted except in great emergencies. In addition to duties already enumerated, a parlor-maid takes entire charge of her own room. Her regulation dress for mornings and for afternoons is nearly the same as that of a housemaid. But her afternoon apron is more dressy, of lighter texture, and trimmed with embroidery. Regulation

costumes are furnished and laundered at the expense of the employer. Her own clothes, also, are sent out to be washed, as she has neither time nor suitable place for doing such work. Ordinarily, she has a couple of hours off each afternoon, and also one afternoon and evening each week, and half of every second Sunday, for going out or recreation. It will be evident to any reasonable person that, in the life of a capable and faithful parlor-maid, the old adage referring to his Satanic Majesty and idle hands finds no application.

It is customary to require servants to be in at half-past ten o'clock, unless they are going to some place of amusement, or so far away, on their day off, that they can not possibly get back at the appointed hour. Then, there is an understanding to that effect, and they are admitted by the private watchman, if upon their return the house be already closed. Employers keep much later hours than they are willing to accord to their employees. But rules touching this matter are essential in every house. Those who are up early, and work all day with infrequent respite, require a good night's sleep. Yet it seems unreasonable to expect

that they shall always be on time to the minute coming in on the one evening they get off. For instance,—a woman of wealth once stated that she required every servant to be in by ten o'clock,—her orders were that one arriving "five minutes late should be locked out." When she was asked—"But do you make no allowance for a servant's having to return from a distance and the possibility of unavoidable detention by car or boat?" She replied, coldly:—"They must plan for that; one of my maids was five minutes late awhile ago and she was locked out." In the questioner's mind arose a picture of the young woman, turned, at that hour, from the house, obliged to retrace her way to find friendly shelter for the night. Or, if unable to reach a friend's house, what an experience! What terror! Her mistress was then wearing mourning, consequently keeping unusually early hours herself, and willing, it would seem, that those who served her should mourn unfeiguedly though not for the same cause that then governed her life and the color of her raiment.

The wages of a parlor-maid range from twenty to thirty dollars a month, the amount

paid depending upon her experience, the responsibility laid upon her, and, of course, the length of time she has served in one household, as well as her employer's ideas of justice.

The hours of a parlor-maid are as long as, and often longer than, those of the house-men. Her post is a very responsible one, her duties demand as much intelligence as theirs. She rises earlier than they do, and has less time for recreation, yet her pay is much lower than any men in these houses receive. Their wages are usually double, or nearly double, hers. Those of the butler equal hers, multiplied three or four times. Antiquated lack of justice characterizes the wage-paying system in private houses, as well as elsewhere, especially where difference in *sex* is the unique and fundamental cause of difference in wages. A superintending housekeeper was asked, by one of the men employed under her management, to assign to the parlor-maid some work that he wished to shift from his own shoulders. The reply that he received effectually prevented any repetition of the request: "*No, you now are paid double what Eliza gets, and do less work than she does.* Under these circumstances there will be no

change in the assignment of work." Once upon a time, there was a bright and competent parlor-maid, who, because of a sudden and sweeping change in the house where she was employed, was the *only old* servant left on the main floor—every man being at one and the same time new to the house. As a consequence, it fell to her to initiate the butler into his new post. To her all the men had to look for some instruction, until they became familiar with the pantry, the dining-room, and the methods of the house, in their special departments of work. She installed them all, and did her own work besides. Did she get wages equal to any of those new men? *She* could *teach them*, but *they* could and did *immediately out-rank* her in pay.

The parlor-maid in the next class is one employed in a smaller house, where there are only two or three men. In many respects her duties are identical with those of the one already set forth at length. But the house being much smaller, and the people entertaining neither upon such a scale nor so continuously, the work of the entire ménage is less. She has the drawing-room and the library in her charge;

the stairway also, and pantry-maid's work in addition.

The third on our list of parlor-maids is one employed in a quiet, unpretentious house, where one man, filling many parts, figures. He is commonly called a single hand, and sometimes erroneously styled a butler. In this house the parlor-maid's duties are, in many respects, like those of second man in a large house. The single hand has work to do that forbids his being dressed early; therefore the parlor-maid not only may, but *must* open the door, whenever the man's duties or absence prevent his doing so. She also assists him in waiting upon the table, whenever her services are required in the dining-room, and is, of course, expert at setting table. In fact, if necessary for her to *act as butler* in a house, the competent parlor-maid could fill the post creditably. The only thing then missed would be the masculine gender, the masculine attire, and, perhaps, the distinctively masculine combined odors of tobacco and wine. The parlor-maid's costume is the same in all these houses, as to general style, with perhaps a difference in quality. The most generous provision is not

always found in the wealthiest establishments. This, and wages also, depend upon the character of the proprietors much more than upon the amount of money at their disposal.

The "living out" classes need no written references for information regarding desirable and undesirable houses. It would surprise many a haughty fine lady, and arrogant man of wealth, could they hear the brief, but comprehensive characterization given them in offices, and among those upon whom they think it their prerogative to look down.

Again, there have been mistresses whose names and memories are ever dear, and to whom their servants return for advice and sympathy in times of trial. A girl who, in the earlier period of her "living out," has been so fortunate as to be in a well-regulated house, whose mistress, by *example* as well as by precept, has taught her to put conscience into the discharge of her duties—and has also trained her in nice methods of doing work—owes to that mistress an inestimable debt of gratitude: for she has proved herself both friend and benefactress to the girl. Nor is this well-trained servant the only one deeply indebted

to that mistress. All who enjoy the girl's valuable services in after years are also under obligations to the one whose unselfish painstaking and good example helped her to become a valuable adjunct to households so fortunate as to secure her services in later years.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DINING-HALL MAID

ANY one who is at all sensitive to environment, whether material, moral, mental, or all three at once, feels keenly the great contrast between the general air pervading certain well-known huge department stores and that of others, not quite so widely known, and never so thronged with shoppers or buyers as the former.

The pervasive thought atmosphere of the latter is manifestly of a much higher character. Contrasts in the management of each explain the contrast in their effect upon us. Upon entering a big department store, one is weary at the outset, in haste to get away, overcome by its inharmonious criss-cross vibrations, ashamed even to be seen entering or leaving one of these modern pandemoniums.

On the other hand, a visit to those of higher type—where everything is conducted with re-

fined and quiet elegance—is pleasant, even if ordinarily one dislikes shopping, and goes as seldom as possible to any store. Assuredly without even average observation or sensibility must they be, who fail to notice, and feel acutely, these glaring differences, whether the sentiments evoked by either or both experiences, be voiced or not. Equally remarkable is the contrast found in the management of different private houses among the millionaire class. Here kindred extremes are as noticeable as those met with in the higher and lower grades of stores already cited. Two expressive words serve to characterize the house or store classed under one head—*flashy, common*, while for those belonging in the opposite class, tone and comment are reversed.

We judge the management of a shop by the appearance and manners of its clerks, the degree of comfort apparently provided for them, and its general aspect, no matter how large and expensive the building may be. By certain signs, without any inquiry, we know if the ordinary humanities of life are observed in the amount of wages and general treatment employees receive at the hands of their employers.

In any store, if obliged to wait long to be waited upon, we know that—though the law compelling a provision of seats for the clerks may be obeyed in the letter, its spirit is ignored—its object made null and void—for the obvious reason that there are not enough clerks to give any one of them a chance to sit down. "Straws show which way the wind blows." Trifles, seemingly light as air, are frequently heavy with a meaning, that those who run may easily read.

The same is true of households. Apparent trifles reveal the character of their management. A tour through the servants' quarters of any house, handsome or simple, will instantly lay bare the disposition of those who are responsible for what they are. Cold rooms in winter, or hot ones near the roof in summer, tell their own unmistakable story, impossible of contradiction. Consequently, when we visit the dining-hall of the domestic corps of an imposing establishment, there also we find ample testimony to the proprietors' degree of soul growth. Eloquent, though silent, witnesses declare beyond the shadow of doubt if they have or have not yet grown out of and

above barbaric ideas concerning those who serve them.

Since the general tone of households, as well as that of stores, depends upon the degree of attention paid to the comfort and well-being of the employees in the service of either, those who have pride, if no higher incentives, see to these matters. Kind-hearted, thoughtful people secure the best results, naturally. The servants' dining-hall of a millionaire establishment, and all pertaining thereto, when well planned, is comfortable and convenient for the work of the maid in charge, and all concerned. Its size is proportionate to the size of the establishment, and the number of servants required for the equitable management of a great house. Allowance is made for accommodating extra hands hired temporarily, place is also reserved for personal attendants of guests. To meet the needs of an elaborate household, the dining-hall affords comfortable accommodation to the entire domestic corps and all possible transients who necessarily take their meals at its table. Twenty-four—at least—can dine here comfortably at once, with no crowding. Improvements in every department

devoted to servants' use, whether while at work or for living purposes, are steadily augmenting. They increase as the realization of the beauty of a harmonious whole unfolds in the thought of those who build new homes for themselves. Simply stated, character building leads to higher ideals for all action. Certainly early training and modes of life are also very influential factors later on, in deciding these matters. Yet, a growing sense of the universal fitness of things acts as a controlling force upon those designing and ordering the various portions of a home. Absence of this sense of fitness accompanies narrow ideas, and inharmonious contrasts are then inevitable. For instance, a restricted corps of servants in a palatial residence and a contracted dining-hall present the big department store aspect of things generally, or people and things out of right relations and proportions.

The model servants' dining-hall of to-day bears witness to advanced, therefore more humane, ideas touching the treatment of those who serve in households. It is so designed as to be preserved with all its belongings from misappropriation through the ignorance or

heedlessness of any one. Without these precautions confusion would ensue. Borrowing tools or utensils belonging to one department for use in another is not only unnecessary but a cardinal offense, never overlooked by a good superintendent, and seldom repeated by any one who is likely to remain in the house.

Such a dining-hall has its own pantry and closets; well-furnished with whatever is essential for a complete outfit, not costly, but in good taste and pleasing. The style of glass and china used, and the marking of the plated ware, serve to keep all concerned advised where they belong. This individual style obliges a prompt return to its own place of any article that, through carelessness or other cause, may find its way into strange quarters, where it should have no abiding place.

Dressers, drawers, and cupboards, designed expressly for housing the belongings of the dining-hall, are handsomely finished and arranged expressly with a view to keeping everything in view with no crowding.

There is one closet well-furnished with a variety of fitting implements, intended for every sort of cleaning to be done in the prov-

ince of the dining-hall maid. No one else may ever presume to invade her domain. Order and tranquillity in any house are dependent upon a strict observance of the law concerning mine and thine among the members of the domestic corps, above all else with regard to their working implements. The way to enforce this rule is to make each one independent of all the others in this respect.

The dining-hall maid has her own towels, of distinct pattern, and all other necessaries for pantry work, also a full line of silver-cleaning appliances. She has no excuse for not having her silver polished, and all the time bright as that in the family dining-room. Spasmodic polishing will not answer in a good house, upstairs or down.

This maid launders her own clothes, and also the towels used by herself in her pantry work. The latter is a wise measure, insuring carefulness upon her part.

It is so easy for any one to make unnecessary work that *another* will have to do, whereas when work falls upon the *maker* of it, care to avoid needless exertion becomes a study. Time, as well as labor, is thus economized.

THE DINING-HALL MAID

Almost all the world over, the labor that people thoughtlessly cause others exceeds what it should be, as well as what it would be, certainly, if they could know beforehand its performance would devolve upon themselves.

If we are wise, we usually guard against making extra work for ourselves. If we are conscientious, we studiously avoid making work for others.

For all her laundering purposes, the maid of the dining-hall shares, with the kitchen maids, suitable tubs devoted to their needs, and not connected with the laundry. They have no occasion to enter the latter place.

Varied are the duties to be performed by the maid of the dining-hall. They include about every description of housework, cooking excepted, with table-setting and waiting, dish washing, silver cleaning, sweeping, dusting, floor cleaning, tile washing, and plain laundering. She takes charge of her own bedchamber and, usually, has also the care of some of the men's rooms assigned as a portion of her work. Consequently, she has an opportunity to acquire experience in chamber work. The back stairway is kept clean by herself and the useful

man. She takes the early light dusting each morning, and he, twice a week, gives it a polishing later in the day. The tea and coffee, for the mid-meal refreshment of house workers, are made ready and served by the dining-hall maid. Breakfast for the servants is an early repast, and its punctual service depends largely upon this maid's activity. Her post is in the dining-hall during every meal. Of course, here, each and all must be self-helpful and mutually considerate, as one maid, however capable, could not serve the large number commonly seated at this table. To hold the situation, she will be obliged to prove herself amiable, versatile, active, neat, and orderly. Like everybody else, she has her own trials. It is impossible for certain of the servants to be invariably prompt at their meals. Ladies'-maids and valets, especially, are irregular and often unavoidably late. They have no control over their time or movements when those whom they serve are in the house. And they are compelled to seize opportunities to get their meals when their services are not demanded by their employers. As a consequence, their meals are "movable feasts." Therefore,

the table in the dining-hall frequently stands long enough for patience to "have its perfect work" in the maid attending there. She soon learns to face inevitable delay calmly, and even to sympathize with those who are serving thoughtless people. She should meet the late-comers pleasantly, as they are not responsible when those upon whom they wait forget that there is (or should be) a regular time for ladies'-maids and valets to eat and sleep—as well as for themselves.

A gentle, helpful, amiable demeanor toward blameless tardy ones becomes this maid well. It is an essential qualification for one seeking her post. Each late-comer will expect a hot meal, comfortably served at a neat and orderly place, whenever he or she may arrive—regardless of the number who already may have eaten at the table and left.

The dining-hall maid does not serve the chef or his assistant cook. They have their own private table. Asking no favors of her, they eat when they please and whatever they please. Their tablecloths, napkins, and table furniture are independent of the dining-hall. Only through extreme carelessness can any

confusion arise between theirs and that of the dining-hall.

Large and well-ordered establishments are, in some respects, conducted like small and elegantly ordered hotels—the work is specialized everywhere—the workers well-trained experts. No department is without its own conveniences of every sort. The strictest punctuality is obligatory upon the dining-hall maid. Without it, she might as well retire voluntarily from the situation. Breakfast hour in winter is at seven-thirty—in summer, half an hour earlier. Dinner, all the year round, is at twelve or twelve-thirty; supper at five in winter—half an hour later in summer.

In a properly conducted establishment, there is bountiful provision of wholesome, well-cooked food. As a rule, servants in *good* houses, live well—far better than do those unfortunates who either sojourn or spend their lives in boarding-houses of the average type. Some of these boarding-houses bear a certain resemblance to imposing private houses, in that the outside, and show portions within doors, deceive many as to the *true* inwardness

of each. The best foot foremost may be all right, but the two should be mates.

There is an old adage that runs something like this: "You must summer and winter with people to learn what they really are in character."

It takes far less time to gauge a house of the big department-store type. A few days under its roof will be all-sufficient to divulge the character of its management, and prove whether the proprietors are abreast with humane movements, or lagging behind because of the one thing that clogs all wheels of progress—ignorance. However, the day is past and gone for voicing ideas once deplorably prevalent regarding the relations of employer and employee. None are now so far behind the age as to say, "O, anything is good enough for the servants." The enlightenment of both classes forbids brutal ignoring of humane ideals.

In finely ordered households, a bill of fare for the servants' table is regularly made out by the chef, and scanned by the presiding genius of the house at the same time that *menus* for the family are made and examined. They go together on the pages of one book de-

voted to that purpose alone. They are unlike, of course. The cooking of each is done separately. Game, hothouse vegetables, and tropical fruits do not find their way to the dining-hall table, nevertheless it is supplied with palatable food in reasonable variety, and attractively served. The dining-table stands upon a nice rug nearly covering the floor. When the table is set, the linen, china, glass, and plated ware present an inviting *tout ensemble*. This table would put to shame one in the average New York boarding-house making considerable pretensions to what is termed style, not to mention the average *country boarding-house*, of which the least said or remembered the better for all concerned.

At a table such as we are describing there is a reasonable change of table-linen, and no indiscriminate use of napkins. Rings are provided, although many among the domestic corps have their own of silver. These are often gifts among themselves at holiday times.

The breakfast *menu* has always a cereal, with good rich milk, potatoes cooked in various ways as the days pass, a relish of some sort, such as eggs and bacon, liver and bacon, mince

or chops; fish always on Friday, coffee, tea, and milk, whichever may be preferred by the chooser.

Dairy supplies arriving regularly from the farm insure good milk and butter. If, perchance, there be not always enough for the entire household, then a reliable public dairy makes up the deficiency.

Dinner consists of three or four courses: a soup, meat, varying from day to day, with its appropriate vegetables, always a dessert, once a week ice-cream. On Friday fish is served, as well as meat. Once a week, depending on the season of the year, they have turkey or chicken. Ham and tongue diversify the bill of fare. For supper, sliced cold meat, brown and white bread, fruit stewed or fresh, and now and then a plain cake or gingerbread—sometimes a salad or baked potatoes—tea and milk.

It must be confessed that occasionally there occurs a falling off. Then the air is vibrant with dissatisfaction. Protests follow. This may occur when the intention of the proprietors is generous regarding that table. The protests take the form of a verbal round robin: complainants one after another appearing un-

til every one of the malcontents in turn has rung the changes upon the tune, "We haven't anything fit to eat. We are starved. The chef buys tough meat and poor vegetables;" and so on. This is apt to follow a sudden fit of retrenchment on the part of the one who furnishes the sinews of housekeeping. The chef having been put upon a restricted allowance, the servants promptly discover the fact, because the change in their table makes it manifest. They are not slow in divining the reason. The chef knows that however reduced his allowance may be, it will never do to bate one jot or tittle of the customary family table. His reputation there must be maintained. He has but one way to curtail expenses; that he pursues. Keen and alert for commissions, he would not stint anywhere, buy poor food or tough meat, unless himself cut down too closely. He holds all niggardly proprietors in low estimation, and regards it his bounden duty to indemnify himself. To state it in simple English, he looks out for number one. In obeying this sentiment he feels justified by the example of his worldly-wise betters. He believes in "*protection of home interests.*"

While the retrenching régime lasts our maid of the dining-hall finds her post far from agreeable, though she may do her best. Inharmonious murmurings and the spirit of discontent circle around the dining-hall. She will feel inclined to cry aloud, "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness," far away from that anomalous personage, an economizing chef, and all consequent malcontents who suffer through his policy of retrenchment.

In a finely kept house this state of things never lasts long. Large-hearted humane people are unwilling to have the table of those who serve them a reproach to their establishments and to themselves. Upon inquiry the purse-strings are loosened; the chef's attack of economy ceases; improved meals below-stairs restore harmony; peace again reigns between kitchen and dining-hall; corrugated brows no longer greet the maid in the latter place.

Or, it may be without any excuse of limitation, that the chef fails to provide properly. If so, a sample of everything from each meal is ordered to be sent to the superintending housekeeper. Like a charm this measure

works speedy improvement, for the chef intends to keep ever in her good graces. Blame not the malcontents. Average people, ever so pious, or not pious at all, have dispositions seldom proof against a poor meal. Yea, hath not a stalwart man sometimes sulked, like a child, over his dinner because it did not please him, or possibly *just from church on Sunday* hath he not given vent to language more emphatic than devotional, because the meat was not cooked to his liking? Shall we then wonder if those, whose rest and refreshment in the midst of constant work depend upon mealtime and their food, should present the unamiable side of their characters while compelled to eat what is unpalatable or else go hungry? Why should they not protest? Nothing improves without protest. They follow eminent examples, and should be judged as leniently as the aforementioned distinguished exemplars. Lack of self-control is less pardonable in employers whose opportunities have been far greater than were ever possible in the case of their employees.

The duties of the dining-hall maid lie in a quarter of the house far removed from por-

tions occupied by the family. As a consequence she is an invisible member of the serving force. Because of this she wears no specified costume. Like other unseen ones, she is furnished with gingham working-aprons and one of waterproof for dish-washing. She has also large, plain white aprons to wear at mealtimes and whenever she is doing no dirty work. Her post, in many of its aspects, resembles that of the pantry-maid. She has not so much late work as the other. Her responsibility is less, because she handles no costly china or glass. Still her training and work constitute a good preparatory school for entering the pantry, where wages are much higher. The dining-hall maid seldom gets more than sixteen dollars a month. An ambitious girl uses the position as a stepping-stone. If able to fill the situation satisfactorily she may safely be advanced when an opening in the pantry occurs. This to her means much. She will have to prove herself a first-class, careful dish-washer, not given to breakages. It means also that her silver and table furniture are above reproach, that order reigns in every one of her drawers, cupboards, and closets; that her sponges and

towels are kept sweet and clean; and that her drainers and basin are left clean and dry when she is not at work where they are. Finally, an absolutely essential requisite, if she would hold, after securing, the situation of pantry-maid, is a level head in her association with men. In the pantry they are constantly on hand and entirely at their ease. The pantry is a testing-place to any girl entering it—and we may truly add to men as well.

A dining-hall maid has also a chance to become conversant with housemaids' duties, and can make her less desirable post a preparatory school for advancement to that post. If thoroughly neat and orderly in her own room and conscientious when discharging her duties in the men's rooms assigned to her care, albeit they are plain and on every account less pleasant to work in than other bedchambers in the house, she can there prove her fitness for greater responsibility.

All the world over fidelity in one department gives assurance of fidelity in any other and higher post exacting much more thought and care. Therefore a wise girl will never slight her work because she is engaged in the plain

portions of a house, nor because she is working, *apparently*, for servants. This is an attitude of thought that raises a barrier between her and any progress. Her faultlessly kept, irreproachable dining-hall, basin, drawers, and out-of-sight places will, each and all, attest her faithfulness and capability. It may be laid down as an infallible rule that where the covered and least exposed regions are at all times ready for inspection and above criticism, the one in charge unites within herself conscience and competency. These two should always insure success along any walk of life. In common justice a maid, thus qualified, is entitled to *advanced wages where she is;* and the first chance to better herself that may open in the house should be hers without question.

It must be acknowledged that *caste* obtains along the ranks of almost all household servants. It is perfect in its imitation of that noticeable in other walks of life. Our dining-hall maid who has emerged from the lower floor to appear in a more lucrative post as pantry-maid or housemaid may prove that she herself is of the snobbish type. In the intoxication consequent upon her changed environ-

ment she may so far forget her former low estate as to "swagger" now and then. But fairness compels the statement that commonly a good comradeship, irrespective of grade, exists among those who are together in the service of one household. Proverbially, the poor are kind to the poor, and workers to other workers. In the world of labor the spirit of kindness, sympathy, and self-sacrifice has wider scope than among those who have come to be known as the class at its ease. The possession of extreme wealth and personal comfort with freedom from pecuniary anxiety, often seem to bring out and foster the least admirable traits of unawakened human beings.

Among the servants of a great and elaborate establishment the "swell set" is composed of the butler, chef, ladies' maids, and valets. They are regarded by the others as the *élite* of the corps. In truth they are not averse to being so regarded. They accept deference as readily as those who esteem themselves to the manner born. When we remember that they breathe an unwholesome social atmosphere, are ever in close touch with

a world whose keynote is precedence, it should not excite surprise if they too are hypnotized by the dominating thought, and become as abnormal as any with whom they come in contact—in that world of people who appear to have fallen into the dreamy sleep of life sensuous.

Why wonder, then, if the same hypnotic condition should sometimes affect the *élite* of the domestic corps, and also make *them* "put on airs" now and then and be jealously watchful of their supposed prerogatives. Characteristics are remarkably alike amongst the classes and the masses. The good old-fashioned motto, "People of assured position never feel any need to assert themselves," naturally has found no place on any of their escutcheons. A kitchen-maid, forever at the sink, cleaning and scouring pots and kettles, *may* think to patronize the garbage man and the soap-fat man. Why not? *They* dwell, not like herself, under the same roof that shelters millionaires! The scrub-woman, too, who goes inside the mansion to help clean up when entertainments crowd upon each other, may be one of the aristocracy over in her tenement in Poverty Row

because she gets within the awesome walls of the palace of one of America's merchant princes—if only to clean and scour.

There was old Bridget, who did all the laundering of the parlor-maids' and housemaids' clothes for one of these grand houses. She told the story of how she could never induce her landlord's agent to do anything for her poor tenement until, after a memorable day when he, while calling for the rent, saw rows of white aprons with broad ties hanging out to dry, and likewise many pretty gingham dresses besides other, to him, impressive and incomprehensible signs.

"*Why! do you wash for a hotel?*" he exclaimed. With fine scorn old Bridget answered, "*No. I wash for the biggest family in New York.*"

The man's curiosity was aroused, but Bridget kept him waiting awhile before he got the mystery solved or his thirst for information quenched. The clean crisp bills with which she paid her rent added their evidence to the truth of her assertion. They speak a language of their own.

A climax came one day when Bridget condescended to answer the oft-repeated ques-

tion. "With pride in her look and pride in her eye," and a world of pride in the very tone of her voice, she announced the stunning fact, "I wash for one of the Z's," mentioning a family whose name the world over is the synonym of millions.

The agent's jaw dropped. Then, when he had recovered himself enough to speak, he exclaimed, "*D——n it, you don't!*"

But he proved his belief in her veracity, and his abject obsequiousness, as well as his readiness to make obeisance to a shadow. Was not Bridget in touch with the realm of millionaires!

Ever after that poor, toothless Bridget had her place whitewashed and cleaned for the asking. An objectionable neighbor, whom for a long time she had vainly tried to persuade the man to send away—without further request upon her part, or hesitation upon his, was ousted. Never afterward did Bridget ask in vain for whitewash or decent neighbors. Whenever that agent called he saw in vision the golden glory of those millions, like a nimbus around Bridget's old gray head. *Did she not belong to the aristocracy?* And was she

not his *one high-toned tenant?* Most willingly he paid his tribute of homage to a woman of such high degree.

The servants' dining-hall at Easter and Christmas is festive with decorations befitting each special season. At Easter-time flowers occupy the centre of the table, and at every place is a pretty Easter gift. These are selected by the superintending housekeeper, but the wherewithal for their purchase is supplied by the owner of the household purse. At Christmas every member of the corps of servants receives from the hand of the hostess an envelope with money, the amount in each determined by the recipient's post in the house and the length of time he or she may have been employed. To each woman is also given a dress pattern for a winter gown, of good woolen stuff, and a box or cornucopia of candy.

This is the one occasion when the dining-hall maid is seen beyond the precincts of her own field of work. Should she have been but a short time in the house she will get only about five dollars in cash.

Unless this gift-giving be perfunctory, care

is taken before purchasing the Christmas dresses of the women and girls to find out what color each one prefers. This is done by the superintending housekeeper, who also selects the goods in accordance with what she learns of their respective wishes. To some this may seem unnecessary, but it means a great deal to the receivers of the gifts, besides enhancing the acceptability of each present. Those who are in the habit of frequenting the house for business purposes—the ice-man, garbage-man, grocer's messenger, market-boy, etc., are also remembered with gifts of money at Christmas-time.

Servants among themselves have a pleasant exchange of holiday remembrances; and, if the dining-hall maid be a nice, obliging girl, they all unite in giving her something very pretty and acceptable as a token of their good-will and appreciation of what she does for them.

Holiday times are often for employees everywhere hard times as far as extra work is concerned. But without doubt in many an elaborate household the servants have more real pleasure in the season, and greater zest in en-

joying their presents, than do those to whom the entire year is but a round of pleasure-seeking, and whose holiday presents are so numerous that they are not always able to associate the giver with each gift.

CHAPTER IX

THE LAUNDRY

ONCE upon a time a millionaire who owned a palatial town house erected a very large country residence, sparing no expense to make it as perfect in detail as it was grand in proportions. Countless brass nails of different sizes were used to hold in place and decorate the leather panels that covered the dining-room walls. Placing the nails in that single room represented the work of one man for a year.

As the house was to be devoted to lavish entertaining, there were guest-chambers for a score of visitors at one house-party. Private baths, and every other known invention or device for ministering to the luxury of a self-indulgent family, abounded. Everywhere one met the evidences of preparation for living the life of pleasure regardless of cost. In drawing the plans the architect had been given *carte blanche*, and he did his best as far as he

was able to divine the mode of life followed by the family intending to occupy the villa. When the dwelling was completed to enumerate the rooms was time consuming; to visit all during one tour fatiguing. There were many staircases and a tower. The gables defied any attempt at counting. The bedchamber of the hostess was about thirty feet square, with windows looking in every direction. A beautiful dressing-room, private bath, and partially enclosed balcony completed her suite. Spaciousness characterized all the living portions of the new country house. To the ordinary observer comfort, convenience, and luxury seemed to reign supreme throughout the mansion. But, when one inspected the quarters devoted to those whose daily services were to keep the household machinery in motion, the contrast was striking. The least said regarding ventilation, space, bathing conveniences, and general comfort, in weather, hot or cold, the better. And, as for the laundry, disappointment and dismay awaited the laundresses upon their arrival at and introduction to, the place set apart for their work which was always immense. Every arrangement for it was

upon the scale of an ordinary dwelling, out of all proportion to the requirements of a large country villa occupied by a luxurious family, whose entertaining was to be a continuous series of overlapping functions.

Salt tears fell from those laundresses' eyes, dropping into the tubs they mingled with water drawn for that first sad essay at work in the cramped, absurdly inconvenient laundry. No wonder they were gloomy over the prospect before them for the summer, knowing, as they did only too well, their work would be far in excess of that in the town house, and they without even conveniences for accomplishing it equal to those they had left behind. The undeniable fact soon became evident that they could not get along even with unusual outside help. In fact, there was neither sufficient room nor appliances for other workers. The exigencies of the case imperatively demanded an immediate change. All of this unnecessary worry, extra trouble, detention, and inconvenience arose because no one had thought to give the architect an idea of what was absolutely essential in the laundry of such an elaborate establishment,—he

having had no conception of its needs. The result was that the laundry had to be enlarged and altered more than once, and, finally, to meet the demands of the establishment, an entirely new one became a necessity. To all concerned—the *architects excepted*—it proved a costly experience.

The development of the laundry in private houses has been slow. Now, it is possible to find that department well equipped, a delight to every appreciative beholder, and a source of satisfaction to those whose work lies there. Wherever a laundry of this description may be located, whether on the top of a house or elsewhere, it has sunlight streaming in by day and is flooded with electric light at night. Its ventilation is perfect, and the water-supply, both hot and cold, unfailing. In these respects it is independent of other parts of the house, consequently there is no risk of interruption in the work. The porcelain tubs are set conveniently in *height* and *shape* for the women who are to stand before them. A stationary boiler for scalding clothes is automatically filled and emptied, never having to be lifted from the range, waste-water being carried off directly

by drain-pipes as easily as that of the stationary tubs. All is well-planned and admirably executed, with labor saving the ever dominant thought. Near at hand is a large steam-heated room for drying clothes in wet weather. Abundant space, well-wired for open-air drying, is reserved absolutely for the laundresses, and is "*no thoroughfare.*" This last arrangement, although seldom thought of, is an important precaution for the avoidance of damage to newly washed articles when hung out to dry. Many a hard-working, tired woman has had her "heart almost broke" by seeing her nice work undone in a moment's time through the carelessness of some inconsequent person passing by entirely regardless of spotless clothes on the line. To her it meant double work and resultant loss of time.

In arrangements for heating irons every facility is carefully studied and secured, expense ever made subordinate to perfection of appliances and conveniences for accomplishing the work. In a summer home an airy room for ironing is set apart from, yet sufficiently convenient to, the place where the smoothing-irons are heated. Gas-stoves and electric con-

trivances for this purpose are found advantageous and labor saving. When not in use the heat may be immediately shut off, whereas a coal fire is slow in dying, and the cooling of the stove and room takes proportionately longer.

None but skilled hands find employment in the laundry of one of these houses. They handle countless expensive and delicate articles of wearing apparel and house linen, and must send all back looking as beautiful as if but just arrived from Paris. Unquestionably the laundresses in an American palace while about their work handle many more foreign than domestic goods. It is noteworthy that while the majority amongst the wealthy classes are "high tariff" folk—protectionists *theoretically*—for *themselves* they prefer "free trade," and also prefer to do their own buying at *foreign* markets, though they are nothing loth to have the duties on their individual purchases reduced, or, if possible, to evade them altogether. They even import household servants when they can.

The under laundress is given the articles of home manufacture, such as servants' table

and bed linen, towels, etc. She cleans the laundry, makes fires, and keeps the boilers polished, meanwhile learning by degrees the art of finest laundering, with a view to advancement and higher wages. Nothing, however plain, can be slighted in a well-conducted laundry. Her post now is more desirable than was that of a superior laundress years ago, before inventions awoke people to the possibilities that have led to the admirably appointed laundry of a present-day complete house. Assuredly, humane ideas are becoming more and more influential in arrangements for household and other workers. This, because dawning upon the human consciousness is a realization that better conditions and all possible conveniences insure superior service and more contented servitors. There is also an awakening to, and an acknowledgment of, the fact that merciful methods are more economical from every point of view. It really does not pay to permit human beings to smother and roast while at work or when in their sleeping apartments. It does pay to provide the best possible sanitary environment, comfortable temperature, and every discovered thing to

lighten labor and husband the strength of the laborer. In short, charity, in its broadest scriptural sense, is found to be the best policy for all concerned. When manifested in households its radiations will be limitless.

The twentieth century laundry is supplied with a diversity of smoothing-irons—heavy ones for house linen, medium weight for lingerie, and little ones of varied and curious shapes for sleeves and to reach tiny places in the smallest and most fairy-like of baby clothes. No one in this laundry can reasonably plead lack of suitable tools as an excuse for any failure to finish intricate gathers or puffs or the most elaborate sleeve faultlessly. Skirt, bosom, and sleeve boards, padded and covered with spotless muslin, in some cases mounted for greater convenience when in use, are ever ready. Material for re-covering them is always at hand. The laundresses here are never fretted by any stinting in whatsoever they need for work. Tables easily set up and as easily put out of the way when not in use are provided for ironing. One is especially for large dinner table-cloths when they are not sent out to be laundered. They require tubs

of extraordinary size, one of them fills an ordinary tub to the top, and is unmanageable in it. Four women iron at a time on one of these giants in linen damask. A woman ironing alone would inevitably be tormented by the larger portion getting rough-dry while she worked on another part. No starch ever enters fine table-linen in our model laundry. The damask falls in folds like those of richest silk, and is as soft to the touch as an ivory satin bridal robe.

The laundry closets are also models of convenience. They have racks for ironing-boards, niches for smoothing-irons, a place for everything, and everything visible and easily reached when in its place and needed again. Fluting-scissors of all sizes hang in rows, suggestive of the beautiful work that, in skilled hands, they promote. A machine for less dainty ruffling stands ever ready to turn fluting off swiftly.

Space is economized and utilized, while the prevailing idea in the entire laundry scheme is convenience. Upon sliding back the closet doors everything is in full sight—no crowding, no piling of one thing upon another, *no*

dark corners. Another closet contains an abundance of well-dried soap, starch,—domestic and Swiss,—bluing, ammonia, javelle-water, salts of lemon, gum arabic, etc., and oxalic acid for keeping the copper boilers shining. In brief, every known thing considered essential to the fine art of laundering is found here ready to serve its purpose when needed. The laundresses are subjected to no wasteful delays through any deficiency of appliances in their field of labor. Certain it is that no one, except the laundress and a thoughtful housekeeper, can possibly realize the advantages accruing from a considerate planning and furnishing of the laundry and its adjuncts. Therefore the reiterated declaration may be pardoned, that no man architect nor other person ignorant of the amount and quality of labor performed in a laundry can be capable of designing one worthy the adjective complete, without consulting those whose practical experience acquaints them with its needs. The same may with equal truth be said of designing a kitchen, a pantry, or any portion of a house set apart for specialized work.

There is one very serious mistake made in

many large houses where the excuse of limited means will not hold. This is making no adequate provision for entertainments on a large scale. The result is bedlam let loose below-stairs whenever a large function is in progress. At these times the laundresses are driven almost daft when their nice tubs are transformed into champagne coolers, and the entire laundry is turned into a dressing-room for extra men to use while donning the "family livery." And further the laundresses are immeasurably hindered by the confiscation of their tubs to profane uses, and by their own eviction from the place. To crown all their woes, when the rout is over, further vexatious delay is inevitable, because the entire laundry must be scoured before its legitimate use can be resumed. There are certain houses where this misappropriation could not occur. They have an entire floor designed to meet every detail requisite for giving a large entertainment.

It is comforting to know that an average laundry is supplied with rugs placed over the tiled floor wherever the women stand at their work. This is a simple act of common humanity. These women are on their feet from Mon-

day morning until Saturday evening, attending to arduous work with exquisite results. The only respite a laundress can afford besides that which she gets at meals is a few minutes' brief release, mid-morning and mid-afternoon, when she stops for the customary refreshment of a cup of tea or coffee with bread and butter in company with the other house-women.

It is true that

> "Error is wrought by want of thought,
> As well as through want of heart."

But want of thought is only one expression of selfishness—a synonym of thoughtlessness. It is to be hoped that householders generally are more thoughtless than heartless when negligent about ameliorating the wearying conditions to which servants are, at best, commonly subjected while about their work, especially those who stand all day long. A spacious, sun-lighted, finely ventilated laundry, amply furnished for the work to be accomplished in the best manner, with comfort to the workers, speaks eloquently for the character of the ruling, therefore responsible, powers of the establishment. "A thing of beauty is

a joy forever." No less a joy is a place thoroughly equipped for its work, and furnished with enough workers to avoid overtaxing any of them. It is a continual source of satisfaction, and a monumental credit to the considerate planner.

Things of beauty, spotless linen, and daintiest lace-trimmed clothing fill the numerous baskets as they leave for their destination. Everything is so beautiful and in such perfection at a single glance they look as if a rose garden had been stripped of all its full blown white blossoms to fill these baskets. All of the table and bed linen, carefully sorted and piled to a nicety in sets, is ready for the shelves or drawers of the linen-room. Embroidered sheets, pillow-cases, and towels, representing a small fortune, pass in and out of this place without intermission; also table-linen of all sorts, sizes, designs, and workmanship, in costliest satin-damask, embroidered or garnished with priceless lace. Each and all of these prove the skill and industry of the laundry force. Innumerable little fringed doilies, beautifully combed and brushed, are fitted together in piles, each set

resembling a snowy-white flower with softest fringed border adorning its petals. Last, but by no means least, the baskets of underclothing, fashioned of finest-textured material, and garnished with delicate ruffles, puffs, and lace, testify again and again the deftness of those patient unseen workers.

Surely it might make the heart of a good laundress ache to know the inevitable fate—the undoing—that always awaits her lovely handiwork as the articles, distributed about the house, encounter the irreverent touch of those who little dream of the toil expended upon them. But her point of view is probably philosophical as well as utilitarian; therefore, so long as everything reaches its destined use safely, she can afford to bear the effacement of her skill—their unavoidable fate. Were it otherwise she might be unable to earn what those who are strangers to such work designate "good wages."

The point of view is apt to determine one's opinion on any and every subject. Of course it goes without saying the laundry force is not composed of perfect characters, any more than can be found elsewhere in the house, whether

among other members of the domestic corps or in the family proper. The average human being, viewed from the ethical standpoint, still remains in the tadpole state—soul-life only embryonic,—employer and employee alike; there is little to choose between us all. Each, as a class, manifests about the same traits, the difference being mainly that of *opportunity* for manifestation. Power of any sort is apt to bring into clearer relief the least admirable characteristics of men and women, whether the estate be high or lowly. In this respect history is a continual repetition.

A head laundress presides over her domain, and assigns work to the other women. Ruling as she does in the laundry, she may prove to be as much an autocrat there as the chef is in the kitchen, the butler in the pantry, or the master or mistress of the house over all. Assigning the work of her subordinates necessitates judgment upon her part. If wise she changes the assignment as little as possible, thereby insuring swiftness and perfection in the work of each through constant practise. The finest and most elaborate articles belong to her own portion. Hers is an onerous posi-

tion. She is responsible for everything sent to the laundry, and must keep a strict account of all that reaches her, and see that everything is returned in good season, without spot or wrinkle. She permits nothing to "lie over from one wash to the next" without an excellent reason, always stated, by way of explanation. Thousands of dollars' worth of clothing, house-linen, and household goods pass through her hands bi-weekly. The cost of a single article often exceeds the highest wages paid for a year to any one of the corps of servants.

Considering her enormous responsibility and the high class of work required of her, the wages paid to an experienced laundress are very low—out of all proportion to the hours demanded by the amount and quality of laundering to be done. A superior laundress seldom receives over thirty dollars a month. The wages of her assistants, who are all excellent hands, range lower, in a descending scale, to eighteen dollars monthly. Laundresses must be early at their work. Their hours are very long, especially during the first three or four days of the week. In country houses they are often obliged to

work until eight, or even until nine o'clock at night. Fortunately, for them Sunday is a holiday. It is theirs absolutely, to rest or enjoy as they please. No one will be surprised to learn that they often spend the morning of that day in bed, preferring their well-earned rest and sleep to any breakfast. We should all of us probably feel and do likewise if similarly situated. Think of perspiring over boiling soapsuds or hot irons week in and week out, year in and year out! A toilsome life indeed, exhausting to strength, while consuming the best years of a woman's life, and never adequately paid for. The very prudent, saving person, earning the highest wages paid a laundress, would scarcely be able to insure for herself a modest income to retire upon when admonished by waning strength that her days for incessant labor are passed forever.

The problems of equitable wages, fair hours, and cognate questions now confront mankind the civilized world over, — taxing conscientious and thoughtful consideration whenever and wherever higher economics are recognized as most important subjects for serious discussion *with a view to purely ethical adjustment*

of the relations between employer and employee. Whether this recognition be out in the rush and crush of the business world or under home roofs, we may take it as a sure token that the spiritual development of the race is progressing.

Only through an awakening and development of the divine, latent in man, will come the solution of every social problem that has arisen in the past, or that may arise in the future.

CHAPTER X

THE BUTLER AND HIS STAFF

In every household of any pretensions to fashion the butler looms up an imposing figure. That he is an indispensable adjunct to a showy *ménage* no one who is familiar with those households will deny. However much one may be amused by the airs of one butler, or indignant at the insolence of another, it should be borne in mind that he is the product of a *class* more responsible for the appearance of the butler in the drama of life than he is himself. It is a case in economics of demand and supply. There are butlers and butlers, just as there are masters and masters, or mistresses and mistresses. Good butlers are no more uncommon than are good proprietors of establishments where their services are required.

We are to consider what is thought to constitute a good butler. In so doing it is neces-

sary to view him in his various relations to master and mistress, to the members of the family proper, to guests, to other servants, and to the footmen who compose his staff of assistants. He has many rôles to play, many attitudes to assume—subservient at one moment to certain ones above-stairs, dominant the next over others below-stairs. To promote the elegant conduct of a grand private residence there must be servants who seem at times to have nothing to do. But, let it not be forgotten, they also serve who only stand and wait. Prominent among this class is the butler of an elaborate establishment. If any one regards his office as a sinecure, let that individual endeavor for awhile, mentally only, to assume his place. Imagination, faithfully employed, will surely work a change of opinion.

The essential requirements constituting a competent butler are, first, long experience in handsome and well-managed houses. Honesty and sobriety of course are indispensable qualifications. He needs a clear and level head, with considerable knowledge of human nature. The latter requisite household servants un-

consciously acquire without effort upon their parts. It is thrust upon them in their daily lives. Especially is this true in the case of butlers, valets, and ladies' maids. They are constantly in a school of experience while filling their respective posts, and ever in touch with people who often forget their presence, and rarely wear their best manners for the benefit of those whom they regard as inferiors.

A butler should possess considerable executive ability, be able to write a neat and legible hand, and keep simple accounts accurately. Self-command is absolutely necessary for one who would fill a butler's place. He must exercise that faculty everywhere in his vocation, whether in the dining-room, about the house, or in the pantry toward those who serve under him. His dignity must never be impeached. *Caste* obtains all along the line—notions of right of precedence extend from the drawing-room to the kitchen.

The butler in a large house comes daily in contact with all sorts and conditions of men and women. A speaking countenance would wreck his dignity and disqualify him for his situation. His stereotyped expression when

on duty, is blankness covering alertness. Nothing may escape his attention the while he appears all unconscious of what is passing before him. When the ubiquitous newspaper reporter appears the butler knows how to get rid of him with as little information imparted as will spare the family from false statements or ridicule. During these interviews he requires his entire stock of aplomb. He must withhold all information possible, while appearing to give it out freely. Diplomacy is a part of his necessary equipment, and we may add he is constantly in an excellent school for its development.

The butler may be a married man, if so inclined, without transgressing any rule. He may also have a home, and will be allowed to sleep there. Not so any of the other men. All must be single, and occupy rooms set apart for them in the house. The butler also, of course, has a room in the house furnished for purposes of the toilet, with a bed also, because when there are late entertainments he cannot go home at night.

In good houses it is customary to furnish the butler and all of his staff with winter and sum-

mer morning suits of dark navy-blue cloth cut like a business man's ordinary clothes. When there is no entertaining the butler may wear his until after luncheon. He dresses, commonly, immediately after that meal, and his afternoon toilet differs very little from his employer's dinner dress, as far as the general style and fashion may be concerned. It is customary for the employer to bestow his own laid-aside evening suits upon the butler. The tailor fits them over for his use. He becomes thus accustomed to wearing the finest broadcloth and the most expensive tailoring. It takes an adept at a casual glance to distinguish the butler from the man of the house—when both are in evening dress.

By three o'clock in the afternoon the butler and one or two men in livery take their post in the main hall, there to remain during calling hours. *In no well-ordered house is any one allowed to wait after ringing for admission at any hour of the day.* Consequently, two or three men are stationed near the door, in order that if a message has to be delivered by one there may be on hand others to admit any one arriving in the absence of the man

gone with the message. On the "At Home" day of the hostess the entire retinue of men must be in attendance. Each is assigned special duties, while all are under the leadership of the butler, who—always posted as to what is considered "good form"—preserves the decorum of his men by example as well as by verbal instruction. As it is imperative that they should appear models of seriousness, a wooden cast of countenance is most becoming in them all. Because immaculate shirt-fronts, collars, and cuffs are obligatory upon all of the men, an æsthetic employer furnishes these,—and their laundering,—all at the expense of the household exchequer. Always, when waiting upon table or when at the door during any entertaining, white gloves that come expressly for the purpose are worn by the house men. These and their white ties are also furnished by their employer. They are a portion of the livery.

In order to establish an unmistakable air of quiet ease in a millionaire's mansion the butler should have *at least* four men with him. Two of these every morning will be engaged in cleaning silver from after breakfast-time

until they dress for luncheon. Another will take the front hall early, and be relieved (when he goes to dress at ten-thirty) by one who will have donned his livery by that hour to take his post at the door. It should be reiterated that few people realize the importance of having enough men for silver cleaning, waiting on table, door and house-bells. Too often they are compelled to fly from one duty to another in a hurried manner as incongruous as it is inelegant. The house-bells of a luxurious family often require several men at once to answer them. It is so easy for the majority of people to learn to be waited upon for the veriest trifles. They fall into the bell habit readily, even while narrow to penuriousness in ideas of the number necessary to meet their demands.

The dining-room is placed in charge of one man, whose business it is to keep it thoroughly cleaned. Of course all but the light dusting should be done before breakfast. To another man is assigned the care of the billiard-room. Still another has the main hall. Thus each can do his own daily cleaning easily, before any of the family are down. Nothing so quickly

manifests lack of a good managing head as when one sees cleaning going on upon the first floor of an elaborate establishment after breakfast. It takes the ante-breakfast-time of one man to attend to filling lamps and to lend a hand to the parlor-maid when she is dusting in her department. Rugs and heavy things generally necessitate a man's assistance. Hardwood floors require daily rubbing, to prevent any accumulation of dust. The weighted brush and polisher must be used often for this purpose. To keep all hardwood floors in fine condition skilled hands from outside should be called in once a month, to wax and polish them. Eternal vigilance is the price of occupying a splendid house. When it is remembered that house-men can do no soiling work after they are in their livery, that all must be dressed before the family luncheon,—usually served at one or half-past one o'clock, it will not be difficult to realize the necessity of employing several men whose duties confine them to the main floor except when they are answering bells about the house. The perfect and orderly conduct, of all things, devolves upon the butler and them:—setting tables, serving dur-

ing meals, going about the house with glasses of milk or water or soft drinks, taking trays to the sick or indolent ones—nothing in itself hard, but incessant attendance, with a lull only now and then, when everybody goes out. Whoever expects to command this kind of service must make provision for it by employing enough footmen to render it in a quiet and orderly manner. They are well named *footmen.*

When you have rung the bell at a palatial mansion, and find yourself kept waiting until you see a man approaching the door who is hurriedly getting into his coat *en route,* and who, perhaps, holds the tray for your card with a *moist* hand, you do not need to be told why you waited nor why his hand was wet. One word explains the whole situation—parsimony behind the scenes—and because of it no one able to be ready for the bell. A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers is the home of a multi-millionaire thus mismanaged.

The butler has charge of the silver, and is held responsible, also, for the supply of table-linen kept in the dining-room for constant use. He writes the dinner *menus,* for the family

meal, and an additional number for the ample accommodation of guests according to the covers laid. When there is no private watchman patrolling within doors all night it is the butler's business to close the house and attend to securing windows. He locks the safe and sends the key up to the managing housekeeper's room, where it is guarded until morning. The combination of the safe lock is known to the butler, the housekeeper, and the proprietor of the establishment—sometimes also to a trusty second man. Owing to the fact that the butler must often be up as late as any one in the house, he is not expected to appear in the morning until his own breakfast hour. He has no *very* early duties before the family get down, unless there be an early meal for his employer. A competent second man understands the butler's duties, and at any of these times, if desired, can fill his place temporarily. Naturally he looks forward to the time when he shall be advanced to that post permanently. A butler gets his time off daily, and so do each of the other men, but one rule is invariable—he must always be on hand when either master or mistress of the house

is going out. It is his business to see them off, himself. His times for outings he takes in their absence at social functions. Naturally he welcomes every one of their invitations out and assists their departure with unmanifested cheerfulness.

The physique of a man often determines the possibility of his becoming a butler in a grand mansion. Ultra-fashionable people will not employ a small man in that capacity, however competent, and otherwise desirable, he may be. With the "smart set" the first requirements for the leading man in their household drama are height and bulk. The other men, if capable, though small, are tolerated. But never can one who is under-sized attain the post of butler, where Fashion's mandates rule. There is another unwritten law in all fashionable private houses. Every man conforms to it by keeping his face clean shaven, guiltless of hair on lip or chin or cheek.

It is a misnomer to call a man who is a single hand in a house, by the high-sounding title of butler. A real, live, *bona fide* butler does little besides manage, oversee, or direct the work in his department. He should in-

variably be well groomed, with spotless linen, ever ready to be seen at a moment's notice. The care of the flowers as well as their arrangement—*for the table especially*—often falls to his charge. He has a refrigerator, in compartments, for putting them away to retain their freshness; and alongside of the refrigerator a table expressly for their arrangement. The table-drawer is supplied with wire, scissors, twine, and every convenience for grouping flowers expeditiously. His refrigerator is constructed also with compartments for the preservation of fruit, milk, cream, and butter, without damage to dairy products through exposure to odors of either flowers or fruit. People who neglect to provide these conveniences have no right to find fault if milk, cream, or butter becomes tainted by contact with injurious odors. The pantry in every house of any pretentions has a small, built-in refrigerator for taking care of moderate quantities of butter, milk, and cream ready for immediate use. These ice-boxes, though useful, are far from sufficient for the purpose they are designed to serve. It yet remains for some architect to plan a *per-*

fectly convenient, roomy and comfortable pantry, meeting the requirements of a house where large entertainments are frequently given. Few establishments on a large scale have pantries so constructed as to facilitate the immense amount of work constantly going on in them. Rarely are they so arranged that it is possible always to do things "decently and in order." When men and women have barely room to turn around without collision of elbows, it is not surprising that costly dishes suffer serious damage and other very objectionable conditions obtain.

Those who work in a place are more competent to suggest useful improvements than is any architect. An experienced housekeeper is eminently fitted to impart serviceable ideas for every portion of a house, because, as she pursues her duties she *sees* the faults of the plan, and *feels* them, too. Consultation with the chef and kitchen-maids would enlighten architects and furnish them with valuable ideas for vast improvements in their plans. A few years ago a costly and beautiful country house was built in the midst of great natural beauty. Elegance and comfort

reigned supreme wherever the family or their guests were expected to go, or to be housed. But every place where the domestics worked or had their quarters was cramped, faulty, and entirely inadequate to the needs of those most concerned, or to the work required. The kitchen, their dining-hall and sleeping apartments were absurdly planned; indeed, some of the men's rooms were abominable, especially as to their location, and other matters not to be dwelt upon here. Year after year changes were made in efforts to improve those departments. One of the most noted American firms, unhampered by any small economies, had planned the villa. The question of expense did not enter to bar perfection in all details. The architects had simply no conception of the requirements of a large country house, where entertaining would be incessant, the corps of house servants necessarily large; and where, too, the housing of the personal servants of guests constantly arriving or leaving, had to be considered. Inconsequent people seem to think, if they think at all, that servants can get along anyhow, anywhere, hang themselves up on doors

over night, and go without bathing, or a convenient, comfortable place to change their clothes. You find guest chambers with private bath-rooms, spacious, airy sleeping-rooms,—no crowding anywhere—until you come to the quarters of those who really need comforts and more bathing conveniences than any one else in the house, since they have so much to do,—must soil themselves about their work; and have less time for their toilets than any of the leisured class whom they are serving. A volume might be written upon this subject, if only those who should reform would "read, mark, learn, inwardly digest,"—then profit by the contents. Most architects live in comparatively simple style; therefore they have little individual experience to teach them what is necessary in the way of spaciousness, light, ventilation, and convenience for those who serve in elaborate establishments. They have no conception of the enormous amount of work done in the pantry, kitchen, and laundry of a wealthy, luxurious family. Not until they make a practise of consulting with the head of each department of household work will they design anything highly

creditable to themselves or satisfactory to those who are responsible for the work. Much carelessness about, and destruction of, valuable things as well as general waste in these houses is due to lack of proper space for workers and lack of time upon the part of the employees to attend uninterruptedly to their work under the conditions of crowding and inconvenience to which they are subjected. The management of any house is a difficult affair when these important considerations are overlooked or neglected.

No butler's pantry is complete that has not a lavatory near it with conveniences for brushing clothes, racks for hanging up coats and aprons, and everything necessary for the pantry servants to use when there is not time for them to go to their own rooms which are commonly at some distance from the field of their activities. Extraordinary misuses or abuses result from the lack of an adjacent lavatory, and many costly houses reveal, to one who goes behind the scenes, a negligence and blundering in these respects offensive to good taste, propriety, and even decency. High and low behave much the same when they are hurried

or positively uncomfortable — unless indeed ready to be translated to a higher sphere. All the world over, ignorance, of some sort, is at the root of every faulty condition. Inexperience as to fine living in a handsome house results in the absence of those proper accessories that round out and complete a well-balanced establishment. It is true there are unpretentious houses far better equipped for the mode of life followed by their inmates than are many imposing palaces that challenge the gaze and excite the surprise of the ordinary beholder. Perfection of detail is frequently absent where splendor apparently reigns supreme, and where boundless wealth ought to insure æsthetic and altruistic arrangements from roof to cellar, from the luxurious suite of the hostess to the room of the lowliest kitchen-maid in the mansion. Fine living is not always found in fine houses.

In the well-ordered establishment, an experienced butler finds ample occupation as supervisor in connection with his light manual duties. Occasionally, he may be called upon to valet the master of the mansion. He understands this sort of service. In country

houses, visitors arriving without their own valets are assisted by the butler and the other men, each taking a guest's wardrobe under his care. As tips are in order, they are all willing to work a little harder—thereby to drop a few into their pockets. Often they work very hard to accomplish all their regular duties when these exceptional offices are also required of them. The butler's individual duties consume time. They cannot be well done in haste. *Menus* must be neatly written; as the cards used are handsome and expensive they may not be recklessly wasted. Flowers require time also. He has always to be well dressed, ready to present himself at a moment's notice, and a nice toilet cannot be made hurriedly. He is responsible for the care of wines, and the required temperature of each. He oversees everything pertaining to the dining-room and concerning the service of meals.

An experienced butler may be better informed than his employer regarding what is good form. A funny story is told of a newly fledged millionaire who had just set up, and moved into, a palatial establishment. The

butler—lately arrived—went to him for any special orders he might like to issue. None at all had the master. He dismissed the man from his presence, saying:—"*I hired you as my butler, now go ahead and buttle.*"

A curious practise, in vogue amongst people who entertain incessantly on a large scale, is keeping on hand suits of livery like those worn by the men in their employment and, whenever they have in extra waiters, obliging them to wear the family livery, it must be confessed, not always a perfect fit. These men also come under the butler's guidance. The rule is eight men for a dinner of twenty-four, and the butler as major domo, making the ninth. The butler and all his men must understand making salad dressing and all sorts of soft drinks, as these are prepared in the pantry. Table decorating is also one of the duties they should all understand. A great house with plenty of well-trained servants of both sexes is a place of affairs. It needs method and good management to carry it on. No one should ever seem hurried. Above all, the butler's movements should be deliberate, betokening ineffable calm. Should he or any

of the footmen be seized with an unconquerable desire to laugh, while on duty, they must postpone that indulgence unless they have learned to laugh inwardly with impassive countenances.

CHAPTER XI

THE USEFUL MAN

THE useful man about a house is well named. Everybody calls upon him, and everybody uses him in emergencies. If unwilling to submit to these conditions, it behooves him to seek his livelihood in some other way. Ubiquity, in his case, would be a desirable qualification, enabling him to answer several calls at once. He is expected to find time to respond when unwonted occasions demand his service in any quarter of the house. A double would make the useful man doubly useful, as his individual duties are many and varied, his odd jobs legion. They usually comprise what no one else can or will do. A *competent* and *willing* useful man needs an angelic disposition to get along, and deserves canonization as a saint when his earthly probation is over. An average month of his life, in a household of any degree of style, if recounted, would present situations of contrast equal to any bur-

lesque ever put upon the stage. As he is human, and usually a young fellow, a love affair would probably furnish the romantic or perhaps tragic feature in his story.

Although hired for special duties, there is always a tacit understanding that he is to be ready to throw himself into any and every gap, and be useful in and out of season. He is the universal pack-horse of the house—a sort of masculine general housework incumbent where the feminine specimen is never seen. The latter functionary, however, is passing. In a few years more we shall see hardly a vestige of that class of workers. Specialization through training is gradually bringing about this change, and revolutionizing house service everywhere.

The useful man must be an early riser, for unless he is up betimes he can never get through with his ante-breakfast work. His regular duties comprise window and sidewalk, piazza and balcony cleaning—the vestibule in a town house, and the getting up of wood and coal for kitchen, laundry, and for all open fires over the entire establishment; also trunk lifting, ice breaking—for bedroom sup-

plies of cold water at night,—and then, as recreation, boot and shoe polishing, or running upon errands. He may be required to lend a hand in turning the laundry mangle when the maids are doing plain things, because the mangle requires a strong and muscular arm. Of course the useful man must be an expert scrubber. Often the tiled floors of the lower hall fall to his charge. At odd times he is called to the pantry to assist in washing costly engraved crystal, cut glass, and priceless *Sèvres;* when through with that he carries the *garbage* from the pantry to the outside can. Coal and crystal as well as clay of the tiled floors and costly porcelain *are related,* though frequently many removes apart. Our useful man handles them all in quick succession. "There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," as *he proves every hour in the day* when moving from one task to another.

In some houses he is obliged to go from coal heaving, sidewalk or cellar cleaning, and work of a like rough character, to don a braided coat decorated with gold buttons, scarlet waistcoat, velvet knee-breeches, silk stockings, patent-leather pumps with gold buckles, im-

maculate linen and white gloves—and thus arrayed ascend to the main hall, or to the dining-room, there to lengthen the line of liveried men, and perform a part in the society's endless drama. Assuredly extremes meet in his daily walk and conversation; from scrubbing floors or hobnobbing with the ice and garbage men at the lower back door to doffing his working clothes and appearing, all gorgeous in livery, to stand under palms in flower-scented, marble halls, and help usher into the house the world of wealthy and fashionable people who, whatever their past, *seem* to know little of coal heavers or garbage carts. Behold, then, our useful man transformed, resplendent and dazzling in the upstairs rôle assigned to him during the progress of an imposing society function. Jack of all trades is he. He hopes and expects to arrive some day at the high and mighty post of butler. Consequently when these calls to "high life" above stairs summon him he responds with alacrity. They are rounds of the ladder by which he intends to climb from subservience to every one in the house to the pompous importance of that personage whose duties are

as light as his pay is *proportionately* heavy—a typical case of the entire work-a-day world. Unquestionably the best butlers are those who have begun as useful men, and worked step by step up through the ranks of the staff of footmen to become, at last, to those who know them not, awe-inspiring functionaries.

To one of these all the details of house-men's duties are familiar, and he is by his experience better fitted to direct others, because of understanding how to assign work. But here we must reiterate what was said in our chapter devoted to the butler: no man, however faithful, competent, or experienced he may be, need ever aspire (?) to butler's position in an ultra-fashionable establishment if he be not *big*. Size often counts for more than brains or experience in some of these households when a butler or coachman is being engaged. Height and weight will win over a physically small, though otherwise valuable, man. Such is Fashion's inexorable edict, to which the "smart set" dare not say nay. Fortunately, there are households and households. In less pretentious, but well conducted, houses of

people of native refinement, a man of character and brains stands a better chance than one whose main capital is adipose tissue padding a tall frame.

Returning to our useful man's duties:—he must perform a large proportion of them before the family are astir. The workers in the laundry and kitchen are early birds, and they must not be delayed by waiting for fuel for their fires. Where no engineer is regularly employed to look especially after steam heaters, the useful man would be promptly discharged for oversleeping on a cold winter morning. The temperature of the house witnesses against him, and no amount of excuses would serve to exonerate him. The steam heater itself testifies to his neglect. It takes judgment and alertness to manage fires so that they will send out a volume of heat in *the morning, when it is desirable to raise the temperature of a house promptly,* after windows have been open during the night, and all fires either damped or let out. It will not do to have a dull fire with a large body of fresh coal at eight o'clock in the morning when people are getting up, and then a roaring one later, or

toward midday, when they are all gone out. Exactly the reverse should be the case if the man held responsible for its management would retain his post.

Fires form an important part of the useful man's service—silently, but potently, they refute all his declarations or attempts to exculpate himself. It is safe to say that a man whose *fires are well cared* for, through faithful attention and the exercise of judgment and common sense, will be found competent and trustworthy in the performance of his work generally. The sidewalk and vestibule also call for early attention. Something has gone wrong when that work is not done before the man takes his own breakfast.

In a majority of cases the useful man needs a good box of carpenter's tools and a table for shoe-polishing. The table should have drawers with compartments for holding brushes, bottles of polish, cleaning cloths, and other necessaries for doing this part of his work expeditiously and well.

In some houses he has all these conveniences nicely arranged and under lock and key for *his own* work. When not thus provided the

poor fellow has a hard time keeping track of his tools. They, like himself, are used indiscriminately. This is not fair to him. He should always have his own tools, unmolested by butler or any of the other men, and should be able always to find them exactly where he has left them, if he be an orderly fellow. With or without these provisions, patience has an opportunity to have its perfect work also in our useful man. If he be orderly and neat in his habits, and can preserve his amiability unruffled by his daily experiences, he will be that *rara avis*, a model man.

In a summer home where guests are constantly coming and going, the handling of baggage is a labor in itself. The useful man, amongst his varied qualifications, should possess a "cast-iron back with a strong hinge," and arms and hands of steel. Women of fashion when they go for a little visit usually have with them one or two large trunks. The luggage of some men, especially that of the Englishman lately arrived on our shores, is appalling from many points of view. Only those who handle the baggage, or direct its placing, ever realize the laboriousness of

that one feature of the work of a useful man in a hospitable mansion. In summer homes, where a dozen or more guest-chambers are always occupied by ever-changing house parties, it is incalculable.

The supply of cracked ice for the convenience of maids in filling the night pitchers for so many rooms, is another weighty tax upon the useful man. Every night he must leave, in a back hall, a huge pail of ice prepared for that purpose—the hotter the weather, the heavier that labor.

In these country houses piazza furniture, rugs, awnings, and hammocks must all be looked after by the useful man. There are times when during the day a sudden storm or gale comes up and proves too much for several men combined to cope with. Then it is *all* hands ahoy! Even my lord the butler may have to throw off his coat and help take in sail. The wind is no respecter of places, persons, houses, or expensive belongings. It will ruthlessly make a sudden wreck of the most æsthetic piazza furnishings, sending easy chairs, footstools, and tables chasing madly everywhere, and at the same time roll-

ing up heavy, but unresisting, rugs into clumsy heaps.

The useful man finds himself more valued, and still more in demand, if he have some ingenuity. Although in a large house a regular carpenter's services are commonly employed, since not a screw is allowed to remain loose, our useful man will now and then be expected to do some temporary repairing or tinkering when the carpenter is not on hand. His tool-box then comes into play. Express boxes in these houses arrive almost as regularly as the post-bag, especially in the country. He should be expert at opening, and careful in unpacking them. His ingenuity will be often taxed to put together the parts of a new lamp or something else packed in sections.

The wages of a useful man range from thirty to forty dollars a month, according to the variety of his duties, his capability, and the responsibility laid upon him. Of course in his case, as in all others, the sense of justice of those whom he serves is an influential factor in wage adjustment. Very few capable of filling the post would be found in it were it not a stepping-stone to something consid-

ered more desirable. A man with an eye keen for advancement will take almost any honorable work when he feels assured that it will lead to a higher situation with better pay and easier times, either in the same house or in another. One of the best useful men ever known to the writer filled an arduous post so well and was so neat and tidy about his duties and his person—besides being remarkably ingenious in devising handy methods of doing work and improved arrangements for his tools —that in less than one year he was advanced, and later went out of the house, much regretted, to another far more desirable post that quickly led to the position of butler in a very handsome and comfortable mansion. There he has remained for several years, a trusty and valued right-hand man. Whenever the family go abroad or travel anywhere, he goes along, saving them all the care and annoyances of travelling, securing their tickets and hotel accommodations, and making himself generally useful. He bids fair to become that almost unheard-of character in *American* homes of *wealth*, the servant *grown gray in the service of one household.* It is needless to add that he

is not in a "swagger" family. He is not bulky enough physically to fill such a position. His intrinsic value, however, is great. The comfort of the family is dependent upon him, and his faithful attention to duty and their confidence in, and appreciation of, his ability, make the relations between them both pleasant and profitable.

A hardship to which in most households the useful man, in common with all the men except the chef and butler, must submit or else leave, is that inflexible rule which permits none of them to be married while holding posts in fashionable houses. Matrimony makes a man ineligible for service in one of these establishments. Butler and Chef are the only exceptions to this law, which, like that of the Medes and Persians, altereth not.

Swagger households thus put a premium upon single blessedness. Their ruling resembles the English law touching marriage amongst British soldiers. A very small proportion of those in his Majesty's service are permitted to have wives. Wives are regarded as inconvenient appendages. God proposes, but man disposes.

Now and then a romance occurs below stairs. Like some of royal blood—all for love—a man sacrifices his prospects. A case in point occurred where a valuable young fellow had, during nearly a dozen years' service, worked his way from useful man to second man,—only one step more and he would have been butler. Alas! for his hopes and ambitions, he fell in love with—and married secretly—one of the housemaids;—committed the unpardonable sin. When the story got out the Benedict had to give up his post. Falling in love he fell out of a position where he had served long and faithfully. He could not atone for the flagrant act of matrimony. In plain English it is not "good form" for footmen to have wives and homes.

Of course, in simple, quiet houses, where Fashion does not have sway—a man and his wife sometimes live and serve together,—each filling the post suited to his or her vocation. But unpretentious households are not, just now, under our consideration.

Our useful man is sometimes tempted to lighten his labors by devices queer and devious. Once upon a time, Joe, the useful man

in an elaborate mansion, was driven from pillar to post with excessive work and so crowded because of the many house guests, that the boot and shoe polishing alone became, along with all his other duties, a burden too heavy to be borne. Hard pressed one day he suddenly bethought him of a labor—as well as time—saving device. The *floor* polish stood temptingly near. It looked as if it might answer for russet shoes. While carrying out his new idea, one day, a visitor came unexpectedly upon him with a tip! At a glance he discovered how Joe was economizing elbow grease. "Well, I guess you may have my shoes, too," remarked the guest. Whether or no Joe was ashamed, like many wrong-doers, *because of being found out*, we know not.

The question arises,—When Joe sought to lighten his toil while he filled out the tale of work imposed upon him, *Who of all concerned, was most to blame?*

Usefulness is desirable for—obligatory upon —us all. Who would lead a useless life? And who would choose this post of useful man?

CHAPTER XII

MONSIEUR LE CHEF

THERE'S a divinity that hedges in a French chef who has made cooking an art. He stands at the apex of the household corps in importance, although his sphere appears to be circumscribed by the four walls of the culinary department. Circumscribed? *Not his sphere!* The radiations of his genius extend far beyond the domain where his activities find their immediate opportunity for expression. For if he is satisfactory to "the powers that be," all the household render him homage. The old adage applies in his case emphatically—he wins the hearts of both sexes by the traditional road.

In their characteristics, the chef and the butler occupy opposite poles of the human magnet. As the *bona fide* butler—the original species—is distinctively English and remarkable for *aplomb*, so the veritable chef is French and all *finesse*—a human kaleidoscope, vari-

able, piquant, artistic, and always interesting. Courteous and good-tempered when nothing occurs to ruffle his amiability, *débonnaire* and flattering in his manner, he makes a picturesque figure in his white linen suit and broad white cap. But Chef can snub with a shoulder shrug, wilt with one glance of his expressive eyes; or, when excited to anger, annihilate by an avalanche of scornful words. Then again he is childlike in his *naïveté*—bland as the "heathen Chinee." We never know what to expect of him. Nevertheless, we like him, for he wears his honors easily and, above all, he knows so much about an important branch of science of which the majority of men and women are totally ignorant. The mysteries of the *cuisine*, unfathomable to his patrons, are as simple as A B C to Chef. He is a great artist in his own realm—a magnate, too. No one would have the temerity to interfere or dictate to him there. Even the stiff, unbending ones relax somewhat when he approaches. Usually he is not seen in costume beyond the kitchen, but now and then he may be summoned above stairs to an audience with "Madame." When this uncommon event occurs, he dons a fresh

white suit and appears, cap in hand, at the door of the dainty boudoir. There, he is all attention and wears his most impressive manner.

This is our typical chef. Of course, there are variations of the type, just as there are variations of other types. Of this magnate the second cook and kitchen-maids stand in timorous awe.

If he speak but little English, they will hang upon his words and watch his expressive pantomime in order to do his bidding, as well as to keep *en rapport* with his rapid movements. Indolence shrinks away ashamed when Chef is near. While he is at his post a more active, alert, "in dead earnest" mortal than he could nowhere be found. A lazy or dull man may never hope to wear his proud title. Some one once humorously dubbed a mighty chef "the gastronomical director" of his employer. That title would fit many other cases quite as well as the one referred to above.

There is a marvelous docility displayed by numerous people when partaking of the fearfully and wonderfully made dishes concocted by our hero. Chefs should be granted com-

missions by the members of the medical profession. The latter are largely indebted to them for a constant influx of steady patients who can pay big fees, and whose doctors' bills are as regular as the seasons.

The wages of a chef are not as high as many people suppose. About one hundred dollars a month is the usual compensation for his services in a private family. Of course that sum is not the limit of his wages, nor of his visible means of support.

He expects in addition to his wages, commissions upon all of his market-bills. It is his prerogative to do the catering. This he never, willingly, yields to another. Unless people are deplorably close and mean the chef attends to the ordering, and his percentages are no more questioned than they would be in any other business where commissions are in order. Woe betide the luckless butcher, fishmonger, or green-grocer, who unwarily refuses to give our chef commissions. He will soon find that his goods are unsatisfactory, and lose the custom of that house. Chef will see to it without delay. He knows how to compass that result.

This oracle of the kitchen arrives at his post usually at about nine o'clock in the morning. He may appear much later if he have a great deal of marketing to attend to beforehand. The early breakfasts for the family and that for the servants' dining-hall, are prepared by the second cook. On the way from his own home to the mansion where he plies his art, Chef finds a cordial welcome from all the dealers, who promptly recognize a good customer and maneuver to keep him. They treat him to cigars and send to his domicile concrete expressions of their appreciation of his patronage in the form of delicacies that he knows how to enjoy, as well as any millionaire—better than many. As a matter of course Chef lives high, is rosy, rotund, and comfortable. Later in life he will probably follow in the footsteps of epicures and become gouty or dyspeptic.

Occasionally when Monsieur and Madame are abroad, Chef also takes an ocean voyage. Whatever may happen to any of the other servants—men and women may come and they may go—but Chef and his pay go on indefinitely. His office is sometimes a sine-

cure for months together. As a rule chefs do not care to engage with families who refuse to entertain frequently and handsomely. They prefer to have plenty of opportunities to expend time and display artistic taste upon grand dinners and dainty suppers, not to mention the obvious fact of larger commissions in a hospitable mansion. They view with condescension and scorn the wealthy who will not dispense the rights of hospitality freely. Chefs have no use for narrow-minded people, nor for those who are given to petty economies. Limitless gold bonds, stocks, and large bank accounts weigh not a whit in the estimation of a chef. His respect for the owners is measured by their readiness to live liberally. His movements with reference to the parsimonious are invariably centrifugal. The more elaborate the *menus* he is called upon to prepare, the better pleased is he. As they require time, he rightly expects to be kept advised *in advance* of all entertainments in prospect, especially as "Madame" may desire a revision or suggest additions.

For a dinner of twenty-four covers he will engage as his aid a brother artist to assist

in the countless details of preparation. Chef's own cold storeroom and mammoth refrigerator will be crowded with dainties in season and out of season. Summer vegetables and tropical fruits are at the command of those who will pay their price. Let the thermometer indicate zero, that matters not to Chef or his employer.

In the height of a gay season, if we visit Chef's realm, we shall find him with his staff of helpers, occupied with soup stocks, filets, foie gras, and every other costly thing that the market affords, awaiting his deft manipulation. The kitchen seems transformed into a market. On his back, lies the poor terrapin, wriggling his legs and stretching his head out to view his unwonted environment. He is upside down, and all the world is, to him, topsy-turvy. Could he speak doubtless he would anathematize the whole Christian race for its cruelty to animals generally, and to terrapin in particular. The pretty birds, for whose untimely end the "wicked cat" is not always responsible, lie limp, in heaps until the women pluck their plumage for the chefs who are industriously decorating

and making ready in advance whatever can be prepared some time before the dinner-hour. The enormous French range holds a roaring fire, and glows with a deep blush, compelled to minister to mankind's insatiable appetite. Its capacious ovens and broad top are usually filled with steaming vessels of varied sorts and sizes whose contents will appear later, upstairs, transferred to costly platters and dishes, tempting the sated gourmand to add a few more to his gouty twinges, and help his doctor to grow rich at the same time. Every available spot holds edibles in process of evolution for the dinner. Truth to tell, some of the dainty-looking dishes go through processes that lead us to congratulate ourselves upon not being under any obligation to partake of them. For instance:—in tasting the flavor of cream or a sauce, Chef wastes no time in seeking for an æsthetic tool. Were not fingers made before either spoons or forks? Say to him, "Chef, is that cream sweet?" "*Ah! Oui, Madame, parfaitment.*" In proof of his declaration, quick as a flash his index finger dips into the delicacy, then as quickly disappears into his mouth while he, medita-

tively, tastes, decides, then nods his head approvingly.

To behold our hero in his glory we must descend to the kitchen floor when a large dinner is in anticipation, and there watch his swiftly moving hands at work. Besides those who are hired in to assist him, he will have a sort of "bee." Every one of his disengaged friends, whose masters and mistresses are dining out on that evening will, with one accord, drop in and lend a hand. They like to be "in it," and will work as industriously as if it were their own affair, for chefs are a fraternal body of men, ever ready to help each other in emergencies, and then dine together. If one should unexpectedly visit the culinary department between seven and eight o'clock on this evening the bright electric lights of the kitchen would illuminate a striking picture. Chefs everywhere. At each table one or two standing busily at work—all in their white caps and linen suits—engaged with every kind of viand and ornamentation for the banquet. At the meat block one stands cutting and trimming. Before the marble pastry slab another deftly manipulates delicate patés and croustades

destined each to contain a *bonne-bouche* that only a chef can evolve. In front of the capacious range another may be seen stirring soups and sauces or opening and closing oven doors with a celerity that only a skilful chef has mastered. A corps of magicians are they, from whose dexterous hands marvels will appear below stairs, only to disappear above stairs by the inferior magic of the banqueters. By the sink stands the kitchen-maid with an extra woman from outside assisting her in the endless routine of washing and scouring Chef's copper utensils. Each thing must shine like new before a nice chef will condescend to permit the creations of his genius to develop in it. The second cook waits meekly upon the men, doing their bidding, while with feminine aptitude she catches ideas for her future advantage to be used in a kitchen of her own.

We must thread our way carefully through devious paths in the tiled hall near the kitchen, avoiding market-baskets, ice-cream freezers, milk-cans, cream-cans, biscuit-glacée boxes, and all the varied paraphernalia of Chef's department. While he darts in and

out we may catch a glimpse of the interior of one of his store closets. There, ranged on shelves we shall see innumerable things that might safely be bowed down to and worshipped without breaking the second commandment of the decalogue, for there is nothing in the heaven above nor on the earth nor in the waters beneath the earth like unto Chef's inventions.

Besides these nondescripts are bottles, little and big, essences galore, coloring liquids and powders, olive oil, wines, and cordials in all varieties for flavoring, and *eau de vie*, of course. Candied fruits are there also, with olives, truffles, angelica stick, etc.

While we catch a brief view Chef seizes the article needed and darts back to the kitchen to lay hold upon some preparation claiming his immediate attention; then a swift stir with a big spoon, a toss up and back, or transfer to the table to await some crowning touch of his inventive genius. A moment later he bathes his hands in olive oil before laying hold upon another piece of work. What is he about to do? Who can tell? His ways are often occult. As dinner-time approaches the

blue points in their chilly beds of ground ice, and salads in ice-water, ride up in the dumb-waiter, consigned to the butler, who prepares them for their début into society. The salad awaits a mayonnaise and its silver bowl until the minute before serving shall arrive. It must, like a younger sister, bide awhile, for a later presentation to the gay world. We hear much discourse in these days about cultivating the power of concentration. Regard the chef when he is plying his craft. There, of him we may take a lesson in " steady, *one-pointed* action of the mind," as teachers from the Orient phrase it.

View our group of chefs now. Every eye is bright and keen, intently bent upon the work in hand, artists all, the credit of their art at stake; no trifling, no wandering thoughts, but absolute devotion to the thing in hand.

The chef in his profession is chief and master, as his title indicates. At these times he is as serious as the typical butler on duty. Chef's seriousness is, however, genuine. He is a many-sided character, scintillating always. When not concocting a new dish or embellish-

ing a familiar one he can and will unbend gracefully.

The butler's electric signal announces that every guest has arrived, and Chef knows the all-important hour for serving has come. A man is stationed at the dumb-waiter below and another above, that the courses may ascend in orderly procession as befits their consequence. Two contrasting soups, one white, the other dark, follow the oysters. The choicest of wines are ready to accompany each of Chef's dishes, and old sherry leads the way. Regal is the table in white and gold, profuse in floral decorations, exquisite bonbons, tropical fruits, and hors d'œuvres—awaiting the coming of Chef's many and marvelous courses. After the soups, timbales: we must taste to discover, if we can, what they hold. Chef knows. He is fond of giving surprises and arousing curiosity. For relevés, Spanish mackerel or fresh salmon. Never did fish or man dream of such decorations as Chef will have bestowed upon these piscatorial dishes for their presentation into the world of men and women diners. Even the plebeian potatoes will scarcely be recognized at first

sight. No one will question the work being well done. They are unrecognizable and as little in their native element as are the fish—after the chef's magical change, and in the Rhine wine with which they are served. These edibles must give place to a *filet de bœuf*, or else a saddle of mutton with currant jelly and suitable vegetables. Champagne, almost frozen, displaces the last wine. Now Chef tempts waning appetites with entrées of sweetbread and terrapin, and Chartreuse Latour, warm, awaits the course. By this time every one is ready for cooling ices, when our versatile chef sends up a sorbet of frozen Kirsch punch to prepare the way for what is next to come. *Alors, les rôtis:*—canvasback ducks and the long waiting, still crisp and fresh salad. Chambertin seems to suit the palate with this course. Finally, entremets sucrés: in winter season plum pudding drowned in cognac and served in a blaze of blue flame. Ice-cream follows with a variety of Chef's confections. At last, black coffee and cordials announce that he is resting from his mental and physical gymnastics.

And now our hero may sit down with his

confrères and dine as sumptuously as any convention of bishops. The chefs will drink one another's health in good red wine, and be as late, if not as long, at their well-earned repast as the ecclesiastics are at their luxurious club banquets.

We may congratulate our chef upon his serene sense of having earned for his own table the best that the market affords, while the augmentation of his monthly commissions will be eminently satisfactory.

A capable chef commands the profound respect of his associates. Host and hostess do him homage, at times even descending after a dinner to felicitate him upon its success, which is really *his* success. His dignity is of the ancestral type.

Like a great general our hero has achieved greatness, won his own laurels. *His* killing is done in a more humane way. He furnishes the ammunition and lets people commit suicide, at leisure, pleasantly.

CHAPTER XIII

THE VALET

THE valet proper, like the lady's-maid, usually serves but one person. True it is, that when either of them happens to be engaged in a household where there is a keen eye to economy, he or she may have to serve more than one; but even then there is always *one* who demands special attention. It is needless to say which one, or why. Valets of this sort we are not now considering. Our valet, the simon-pure specimen, serves but one master, and is usually designated by his employer as "*my man.*" His occupation might, by some, be thought monotonous, were it not for the fact that one who can afford to keep a valet usually leads a life far removed from monotony. He may be a man of affairs, varied interests and occupations keeping him often on the wing. If so, his valet's life will not be dull. When his master is journeying he goes along and bears the drudgery that attends travelling. It is he who packs and unpacks, buys tickets,

secures conveyances, hotel and other accommodations, and acts as avant-courier when desired to go in advance of his employer.

Incidentally he may manage to secure some crumbs of comfort or even a pretty good time for himself. He commands deference because of what he represents in the way of possible expenditure of cash on his master's behalf. The valet sees everybody with whom he deals, his master included, from points of view and contact individually his. These points of view and contact are not always elevating, nor are they calculated to create in him a feeling of profound respect for mankind in general, or for his employer in particular. This, however, will not make his manner less deferential to the one from whom he receives his wages. He knows his place and business too well to allow personal opinions to interfere with his interests. He does not forget the side on which his bread is buttered. Often master and man, though perhaps widely apart as to educational advantages, are on one and the same moral plane. When this is so, a certain harmony otherwise impossible will characterize their relation.

The valet in his master's house and the valet abroad in the land present apparent incongruities of demeanor. His self-importance grows apace when household status and rules cease to bear upon him. He escapes when abroad and staying at hotels sundry duties falling to his lot in a private mansion. He quickly discovers every opportunity to evade distasteful work, and becomes an accomplished shirk when there is any one else upon whom he can drop his own burden. At home he may have so to demean himself as even to black his master's boots. Abroad he cheerfully bestows that privilege upon somebody else at every opportunity.

Finely planned modern houses have a room devoted to valet's work. It is finished with conveniences for brushing and pressing clothes, as it is the valet's business to keep his employer's raiment above the suspicion of not having just arrived from the tailor. He is an expert at pressing. The fold in his own trousers, as well as that in his master's, is always clearly defined—one mark of a well-groomed man. A speedy and accomplished packer, he can fold a coat as well as the tailor

who made it. An array of boots and shoes of all styles and colors in vogue he must keep in shape over lasts molded after a model—the shoemaker's ideal foot. He may not allow them to assume the contour of the wearer's feet. That would be unpardonable negligence, and bad form—in a double sense.

Among his fellows the valet speaks familiarly of "dressing" his master. The uninitiated would naturally suppose the latter to be an infant or a helpless invalid, instead of a sizable man in health. "I have to go now and dress A. B. P.," said a valet, with reference to that duty, which he was in the habit of performing for a stout able-bodied man in whose service he was engaged. In speaking of his patron (a many times millionaire, and in consequence a magnate in the financial world) he always used initial letters requiring no explanation. It economized time and respect.

The valet carries away his employer's laid-off clothes at each change. They are not returned until they have been brushed and freshened—equal to the tailor's latest effort.

Wary is he who remembers every one of his

numerous pockets whenever making a toilet, and bears in mind the valet's ample time for explorations to increase his fund of useful (?) facts. For at times he proves himself a diligent student and expert decipherer of hieroglyphics. Writing-desks, portfolios, and letter-cases tempt him to careful research. He is weak and lives forever in a sort of typical Garden of Eden, with the beguiling serpent seductively whispering in his ear the magic words of potency—Know and live.

The master must needs be an embodiment of caution—unfailingly guarded—if he would avoid sharing his private affairs with one so constantly in attendance upon him as "his man." There may be cases where the terms master and "his man" would more accurately express the truth were their respective titles reversed.

Curiosity is not confined to the daughters of Eve. Masculine descendants of that allegorical character prove their maternal ancestry. The valet is nothing loth to keep *en rapport* with his master's secrets generally, his love affairs in particular, and his transactions as a whole. Naturally he feels a deep interest

in the concerns of the man with whom he is in close touch. Thirst for varied information is commendable, and information itself may prove useful in many ways; what wonder if he embrace every favorable occasion to go through the pockets of garments under his daily care? In this direction no one can accuse him of wasted opportunities. And what a store of gossip this masculine Eve ever has ready to impart! He is the newsmonger of the house.

The valet keeps in the good graces of ladies'-maids wherever he goes. Now and then they can do him a good turn with their thimbles, needle, and thread. For, alas! it must be confessed that in the useful art of sewing, the education of most boys and men—rich and poor alike—is sadly neglected. The average man with thread and needle, is about as skilful as an elephant would be with a fine camel's-hair paint-brush. An otherwise dauntless man, when confronted by a loose button or a little rip, becomes abjectly helpless, and must either beg or pay for aid. As ladies'-maids are generally willing to help him out, the valet does not feel his dependence, but enjoys

a chance to air some of his stock of information (?) as he watches and waits for their handiwork. This he finds more congenial than attending, sentinel-like, outside the dressing-room door, until his master calls him in. Like clock-work, at certain hours, he awaits the behest of the man who pays his wages.

In the morning he prepares the bath, lays out desired clothes, and then tranquilly waits the pleasure of his master. The morning toilet depends, of course, upon the mode of life followed by the man to be dressed. A fashionable society man of leisure retires and rises late, sometimes breakfasting in bed, like any delicate woman. His valet follows suit, with the exception of his breakfasting place. To any one assuming the care of a fashionable man's wardrobe, it means attention and work that admit of no shirking. It may be stated without fear of contradiction that "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these" tailor-made men. The raiment deemed necessary for a fashionable man in society's whirl, occupies incomparably more space than is required by a good solid busi-

ness, or professional man's wardrobe. The man of fashion has a dressing-room and suite of apartments as luxurious as many of those devoted to feminine uses.

Of the woman's boudoir and dressing-room we may say around it hangs ever the scent of fresh roses; of the man's suite with all its costly splendor, the scent of tobacco will hang round it still.

When "his man" opens the wardrobe devoted to shirts, they may be seen laid out on sliding trestles, tier above tier, shirts white and colored, for all times and seasons, one never interfering with another, dozens upon dozens, and ample room for all. A small shop could be stocked with this one man's store. Everything else is in proportion. A valet of the same size and figure could wear his master's clothes and they would never be missed by their owner.

Another closet looks like a boot and shoe shop—not so varied in color, nor so beautiful and dainty as the foot-gear of a fashionable woman, but numberless, and the array here displayed is as varied as the sex of the owner will permit. Our hero's master has coats,

vests, and trousers beyond counting, neckties, too—their name is legion; jewelry also, enough to allure a weak brother to his ruin.

The fashionable man of to-day likes to be daintily clothed when he woos sleep. His valet, before he leaves the room for the night, lays out for him a white silk nightgown, hemstitched and embroidered with the owner's monogram.

A moderate amount of brains, some executive ability in every-day affairs, with manual training for the greater portion of his work, constitute the valet's essential equipment. He should also know how and when to put up winter clothing moth-proof. Like the typical butler, when on duty he must keep an impassive countenance, unless encouraged to smile by his master. As the major part of his duties are mechanical they vary little from day to day when his life is not enlivened by journeying. He is apt to be hurried at one time, and have overmuch leisure at another. Idly waiting near to be on hand when needed is not delightful. An employer should remember the tediousness of weary waiting when inclined to think that "his man" hasn't enough

to do. A book worth reading put into the valet's hands might be the means of transforming his life. Masters could, if only they would, become home missionaries of a most useful type, and find the reflex influence upon themselves vastly improving. Some day in the dim future they will think of this.

If quite sure that his master's bell will not ring for a few hours the valet breathes more freely. He times his own outings in accordance with those of his emloyer. After "dressing" him for dinner, the opera, or a ball—or perhaps for all three—and having seen him depart, the man knows that he too may sally forth for recreation so long as he is careful to be in attendance when his master is ready to retire.

Among the traits a valet sometimes finds himself expected to cultivate—when in the service of a man of the world—is expertness in fabricating figures of speech, deluding to others, when occasion or the convenience of his master seem to demand it. On his own account this would be unpardonable mendacity. *To* his master he must be ever the embodiment of truth. *For* him—well that de-

pends. Mendaciousness in one instance may be cleverness in the next, according to a certain code. "Joseph, if any one calls to see me this afternoon, say that I am out; I do not wish to be disturbed." "Yes, sir." A decent man "down on his luck" may be obliged to take a valet's place. He will keep it just long enough to get upon his feet again. But no industrious, ambitious, self-respecting fellow will ever choose the situation nor remain in it longer than, seemingly, compelled by circumstances.

If it be true that no man is a hero in the estimation of his valet, the reverse is also true. A valet, by choice, to a man of fashion, inspires little regard in those who understand that vocation. Servility, combined with undue curiosity, not to mention the untruthfulness expected of him, constitute an ignoble life for any man. After one has studied a few of the valet species, a blended air of serf and dude may be detected in each and all of them.

A valet performs one office, unique and serviceable, whenever he accompanies his master on visits at house parties. Upon these occasions he is expected to make himself useful

in the pantry. Behold him, then, after doffing his coat and borrowing one of the men's aprons, wiping dishes for the pantry-maid, or polishing silver with the men, performing acceptable service where it is much needed.

Should either pantry- or parlor-maid be pretty, and something of a coquette, he will not be at all backward in meeting her more than half way in a flirtation. Serious results may follow, especially if, like the quality folk in the adjoining dining-room, he thinks that

"When he's away from the lips that he loves,
He has but to make love to the lips that are near."

CHAPTER XIV

THE LINEN-ROOM AND THE CEDAR-ROOM

EVERY sumptuous residence complete in its appointments has a large, airy, and light linen-room fitted up with conveniences for receiving and properly housing the linen required by a great house when the family life consists of continuous pleasure-seeking, feasting, and extravagant entertaining. To meet the constant demands made upon it in an establishment of this sort, the supply of linen must, of course, be limitless. The place set apart for guarding these valuable household goods is necessarily planned with care and specially designed with reference to its purpose.

It should be spacious, capable of being brightly lighted at all times and built of hardwood well-seasoned and polished. No varnish or shellac should be used in a linen-room. Through these precautions when once it is finished and stocked, a workman can have

no excuse for entering its door. The shelves are planned in width to hold the varied piles afterwards laid upon them; and the drawers, on rollers, may be drawn forward without effort even when full of heavy linen. In the center of the room is a large table, also of hardwood, made with shelves and drawers below,—its casters large enough to enable one to move it easily. A thoroughly furnished work-basket stands ever ready for the timely stitch so important to all good housekeeping. Upon the table's broad top piles of newly laundered linen may rest, without crushing or interference. There it is easily counted and assorted, each set for its special place on shelves or in drawers. Portable steps of light weight, chairs, feather-dusters, a hair broom and everything necessary to keep it clean, find a place in this sanctum designed expressly for a careful house manager. The cleaning implements hang within a closet upon hooks devoted to them, and no one may presume to handle them for any purpose outside. Here at least the arrangements enable the most fastidious woman to preserve order and immaculate neatness.

The shelves hold piles of spotless bed-linen of every grade and quality for general household use. These are all tastefully tied with bright ribbons that keep the sets together and preserve order. The pure white everywhere dominant is enlivened by ribbons of blue, pink, green, lilac, yellow, and red, designating by their width, as well as color, the quality and special use of each pile. They reveal the place and grade of everything in the room and its use about the house, and so facilitate the work of maids and housekeeper. One entering this linen-room for the first time is impressed by its all-pervading order, and the purity and beauty of its contents.

Closer observation reveals much more. Shelves one above another on all sides are weighted with precious burdens of fine linen articles—their costliness enhanced by embroidery and bordering of delicate lace. They represent an independent fortune—things of wondrous beauty, the work of divers skilled toilers, far removed in their own lives from luxury. No other part of the house more potently emphasizes the contrasting life of the great world of toilers and the other little

world of ponderous wealth and fabulous luxury.

To one whose ideas of a supply of house-linen have been limited by experience in one moderately sized closet, simply stocked with a few dozen of each kind in general use laid upon its shelves—the sight of this spacious place, with its innumerable piles of things of beauty, comes as a surprising revelation.

Here one beholds dozens of dozens of everything in the way of house-linen. Sheets, pillow-cases, fine towels, Turkish-bath sheets, and bath-towels of several sizes; tablecloths, napkins, tray-covers, side-table covers, and doilies—all these in texture, patterns, monograms, embroideries, lace borders, and insertion, seem too beautiful for daily wear and tear. Many of the towels would be thought by a dainty housewife worthy to adorn dressing-tables and bureaus of very handsomely furnished houses. "Do they use these wonderful creations?" somebody asks. Undoubtedly. They accord with the general style of the entire establishment. Their like may be found distributed in all the living parts of the house wherever they are serviceable and ac-

cording to their fitness. It is difficult to decide regarding the table-linen whether it is most impressive in quantity, variety, texture, or adornment. The same is true of the other linen.

There is also a great variety of finger-bowl doilies, from those of fine needlework or delicate lace-like drawn-work up to others of exquisite Renaissance or costliest old point lace. All are beautiful and enjoyable as works of art when one can forget the miserably paid embroiderers and lace-makers—their twisted joints, their waning eyesight, and the total blindness often consequent upon the conditions under which much of it is accomplished by those whose livelihood depends upon the pittance they receive for their marvelous handiwork. Never have these patient sewing-women dreamed of the life led by those for whom their costly work is done—*its real cost immeasurable in gold.* No one aware of this will for a moment envy the owners of this æsthetic linen-room. Here æsthetics and ethics are as widely separated as in the social world of the luxurious. A repository for so much that is valuable must be a safe place, always under lock

and key, no one having access to it but the superintending housekeeper—unless with her knowledge and permission.

This room is the pride and delight of a woman who loves beauty and order. Well for her peace of mind is it not to know the true history of these exquisite specimens of woman's toil, —or, knowing, well if she can forget what she is so powerless to remedy, while a wage-earner herself. Everywhere in these millionaire homes may be heard or felt the minor tone of underpaid toilers, however joyous the general chorus may seem to those who relegate their thinking to others and live in externals.

Our model linen-room has its own closet devoted to fine toilet-soaps, colognes, Florida water, aromatic bath-salt, toilet-powder, and innumerable things that find their way into the dressing and bath-rooms of homes of wealth. These articles are ranged in orderly rows, in full sight when the door is opened, ready for prompt transference to bedchambers, dressing-rooms, and bath-rooms at the shortest notice.

To very many who are guests in an American millionaire's house much of the splen-

dor and luxury are beyond anything to which they are accustomed in their own homes, even when they live in what is commonly termed "handsome style." A lady went once to visit some relatives whose splendor was ever increasing. She had visited them before, but this was her introduction to their latest house, and its newly arrived splendor. Immediately after going for the night to the apartments assigned to her, she was heard excitedly calling to her husband to "come up instantly." Upon obeying the call he found her standing before the bed, unwilling to disturb it until he had seen it in all the glory of its beautiful array. It stood upon a dais, the hangings of rich silk brocaded in delicate tints and lined with heavy white silk. The bed itself had been stripped of its day robe —a white silk embroidered, lace-bordered spread—and was in night attire. The pillow-slips were of finely embroidered linen with deep ruffles of French needlework finely fluted. The upper sheet, showing only embroidery, was turned down nearly a yard over a blanket of turquoise blue, with a large satin monogram. Across the foot lay a down quilt cov-

ered with blue satin, its monogram in white satin three-eighths of a yard deep. Another woman who went from a beautiful home of her own to visit in one of those princely places, confided to a friend some of her experiences during her stay. She laughingly declared that when going to bed or getting up she had so many embroidery patterns to study that they kept her awake at night and roused her unusually early in the morning. She would lie in bed before rising and hold up the needlework to the light, vainly trying to memorize the exquisite designs.

The pillow-slips she found more comfortable turned over, preferring to sleep on the under side rather than to take off on her cheek any pattern, however lovely. Had she neglected that precaution her face would have been already stamped for embroidery when she rose. At her bath in the morning she again delayed to study the embroidery upon the face-towels. Some that had work half a yard deep, either white or in vari-colored silks, were a constant temptation to prolong the toilet-making.

At meal-time she was so diverted with the variety of table-linen and its surpassing

beauty that she almost forgot to eat. Every repast furnished a new study in patterns of table-cloths, napkins, and doilies. When she breakfasted in her own apartment, her interest was divided between the delicious little meal and the tray-cloth and other expensive appointments. During the greater part of that visit she was fed—if not nourished—through her eyes more than by way of her mouth. The climax was reached one evening when she found herself seated at a table covered with a cloth bordered with the most expensive lace and having insertion and monograms of the same priceless work set in. In texture and design the lace on the cloth and napkins was fit to adorn a gown to be worn by a princess royal in bridal splendor.

These wonderful specimens of unknown workers' skill are sent out from the linen-room day by day to do duty about the house. Then, after visiting the laundry they come back to this repository—each to await its turn before appearing again, as the stock is so large that everything has a period of retirement before emerging once more to take part in decking dinner-table or bedchambers.

Moths are in one respect like millionaires—nothing is too expensive for either to banquet upon. The Epicurean moth has also his special aversion from which he flies as does the other from contagion.

Every great house, especially the large country villa, must have a cedar-room, ample in dimensions, for safely storing fur rugs and things of wool to protect them from the ravages of this little winged devourer.

The old time cedar-chest of our forefathers long ago gave place in ordinary houses to a closet of cedar-wood. That now could be swallowed up and lost in the cedar-room of a luxurious twentieth century residence. These cedar-rooms are intended expressly for storing blankets, carriage-robes, portières, fur, and feather rugs, and everything else that if left exposed in a closed house would be at all likely to tempt our small symbol of ruthless banqueters. This cedar-room makes it easy to guard expensive things from moths without resorting to cold storage and the extra trouble involved in sending great packages to and fro.

As its name indicates, the cedar-room is

composed entirely of that wood. Floor, ceiling, walls, shelves, drawers, and door all conspire to send out an odor offensive to the little marauder who is no respecter of persons nor things.

It is necessary to see that whatever goes to the cedar-room is first thoroughly cleaned and free from any moths' attack, to insure its coming forth in perfect order whenever wanted. Before laying articles away, either on shelves or in drawers, everything should be neatly folded and pinned inside of unbleached muslin wraps, then labelled with tags designating the parcel's contents. By this method every article, when needed, may be readily found and sent to its destined place without any fear of damage in transit.

There are so many expensive blankets of white, or delicate tints, afghans, and slumber-robes of value belonging to bedchamber couches—all needing care, that it is well to have bags marked for each of these with the name of the room where they belong also clearly written. They can then be sent to bedchambers without any delay at the time of house-opening. Nothing should ever be put

away in the cedar-room without thorough airing as well as cleaning.

All this helps to simplify house-opening, minimize care and prevent confusion during very busy times, for a large proportion of the worry of housekeeping and all in connection with it arises from a lack of proper conveniences for taking care of things only used when a house is open. People are apt to burden themselves with endless expensive belongings while making insufficient arrangement, or none at all for their preservation when not in use. "Penny wise and pound foolish" is applicable to such inconsiderate buyers. A large safe where valuables in silver and gold may be stored with no crowding, a cedar-room having ample space for all things that should be stored within it, and a spacious linen-room, bright and convenient as to itself and its location, are quite as essential to a well-planned house as is the gown-room for its mistress.

Few, if any, architects plan with due reference to these indispensable portions of a house intended to be complete in all its appointments. When designing splendid residences they need judicious hints from experienced,

capable persons, authorized to call their attention to these essential adjuncts of every elegant house erected, as most of them are, regardless of expense.

CHAPTER XV

SIDE-LIGHTS AND SHIFTING SCENES WHEN THE SMART SET DINES

THOUGH the devices by which "Society" is amused are countless, no function seems to find such lasting favor as the dinner-party: theatre dinners, when women go bonneted in dainty bits of costly head-gear; opera dinners, where bonnets are discarded for jewels of regal splendor; dance dinners, where ball costumes prevail and the dinner is only the prelude to a ball, and last, and most popular of all, the large dinner-party numbering twenty-four guests and upward.

Cards of invitation go out three weeks in advance, so that a hostess may secure the presence of those whom she especially wishes to bring together upon these occasions. Having ordered the floral decorations, inspected and passed judgment upon the chef's *menu*, our hostess has nothing further to do until the time arrives for her to descend in dinner-toilet

and lay the gilded monogram cards at their places before her guests arrive.

Leaving her to spend the day as she pleases, let us with the speed of thought flit to the culinary department where for two or three days Chef, his temporary assistant, and several kitchen-maids have been, and are still, busy with soup-stocks, terrapin, canvas-back ducks, birds, filet, foie-gras, etc. Women prepare the vegetables for the chefs to manipulate, pick birds, or wait on and clean up after the men who are hard at work decorating whatever can be done early in the day. The great French range has a roaring fire by day and by night. Its capacious ovens and broad top are never free from steaming vessels of every sort whose contents prepare the way for those ills to which man *claims heir*ship.

Before noon of the day appointed for the banquet, the butler and the men of his staff are busy getting out extra silver and engraved crystal ware, preparing countless wax candles and massive candelabra, and overseeing the setting up of the great dinner-table which has to be brought and placed in sections by a skilled carpenter. The family extension-table

does duty in a corner of the spacious dining-room as a side-table. Covered first with softest white felt, then with a satin-damask cloth, it awaits the splendor of gold dessert service, crystal finger-bowls and point-lace doilies.

Over the enormous banqueting table is also spread a great felt cover, and above that a costly table-cloth, big in size and price, bearing exquisite designs in fruit and flowers with, on either side, in finest French embroidery, the interwoven initials of the owner or-somebody's crest. The great walled-in safe will soon give up its shining splendor to adorn buffet, sideboard, and dinner-table.

After awhile, returning to the dining-room, we find it dazzling with polished silver and gold; at each place exquisitely engraved crystal goblets for champagne and claret, and other drinking vessels, not less than five in a cluster, while in the midst of each sparkles one of ruby red or richest green. All these indicate the variety of choice wines to flow during the course of the banquet.

Host and hostess require strict sobriety of the men who wait upon their table. They are

to open and pour out the tempting liquors again and again, at the same time setting examples of temperance. The liquor problem seems too difficult for any wine-loving legislator or dinner-giver to solve. Too deep also for many a reverend divine to sermonize upon.

The florist arrives with his assistants in time to place in sections the great central mound of rare flowers—innumerable American Beauty roses or orchids with lilies-of-the-valley, while maiden-hair fern fringes the border with lace-like fronds that rise among the blossoms veiling and enhancing their loveliness. About the table at intervals he leaves bouquets matching the center-piece, and floating in each finger-bowl violets mingled with rose-geraniums. The light from dozens of wax candles sheds a lustre softened by silken shades whose color harmonizes with that of the chosen flowers of the evening. Perhaps the great candelabra now towering above either end of the table once adorned the home of an English peer who, like many another, having "run through" his patrimony, was glad to convert his ancestral splendor into

American gold. Possibly this is the history of many massive dessert dishes of different sizes holding choice fruits, bon-bons, and flowers, as well as Chef's "fearfully and wonderfully" made confections—often more tempting to the eye than grateful to the palate. Dainty, gilded *menu* cards are placed at intervals within reach of every guest, their monograms or crests inviting attention and admiration. Peaches a dollar each, grapes ten dollars a pound, strawberries whose size is matched only by their cost, are among the delicacies that prove the wealth and extravagance of the hosts.

Seven o'clock having struck, the rustle of a woman's costly robe is heard as the portières part and our hostess moves forward to survey the table while placing the beautiful and costly dinner-cards. Diamonds flash in her hair, about her neck, and on the corsage of her wonderful gown. Diamonds in front of her, diamonds at back of her, diamonds on top of her sparkle and dazzle as she goes to the salon to receive her guests.

Champagne is cooling in cracked ice, all the wines are ready, oysters on the half-shell, rest-

ing in silver plates of wondrous workmanship, garnished with artistically cut lemon, await the point of the tiny fork.

At the curbstone a groom in livery opens and closes the carriage-doors. Another stands at the vestibule entrance to open wide that door, while within the hall are ranged a corps of flunkies in silk stockings, patent-leather pumps ornamented with gold buckles, velvet knee-breeches, scarlet waist-coats, braided dress-coats with gold buttons—the ubiquitous crest or monogram prominent everywhere.

These artificial human beings present to each man, after removing his out-of-door wrap, a boutonnière from a silver salver. From another tray the guest selects a tiny envelope bearing his own name. A little gilt-edged card within bears inscribed upon it the name of the woman or girl, beautiful or ugly, agreeable or stupid, whom he must take in to dinner, and to whom he must devote himself until the last course has been served. In a word, for two or three hours Fate—in the form of the hostess—has given them to each other in much the same unreasoning way she gets men and women married when not mated.

Many a disappointment and, it must be confessed, underbreath unbeautiful word has been evoked by the writing within those tiny envelopes. "What's in a name?" Much, very often. The diner-out realizes this keenly. Then, vice versa, fancy the dismay of a fair damsel or dame at the approach of the man whom, *of all others*, she would like to send to the end of the earth out of her sight forever.

Doors open and close noiselessly as visitors arrive. Maids are removing the fur-lined carriage wraps and boots of women extraordinarily gowned, who pass into the salon while the butler stands impassively at its entrance announcing the names of guests as they go in to greet the hostess.

Hickory logs crackle and blaze on gilded fire-irons, and burning driftwood's opalescent hues blend with the yellow blaze of the great logs, while electric light and candle-light, pouring through rose-pink silken shades, cast over the gilded, tapestried furniture, and fragrant flowers in priceless vases, a soft and beautifying lustre.

The latest carriage-wheels have rolled up

and away, leaving a tardy guest for whom the dinner waits, Chef frets and the butler watches. For the last time the doors are thrown open as the late comer enters. The room echoes with merry voices and laughter; jewels shine, velvets, satins, and lustrous silks shimmer in the rosy light, as the butler presses an electric button—Chef's signal that all have arrived. In another moment he announces at the salon door, as he draws back the richly embroidered portières, "Madam, dinner is served." See the gay procession, headed by the host with a favored guest on his arm, as they go over costly rugs, leaving great overspreading palms at left and right in the grand hall. Last of all comes our charming hostess leaning on the arm of another special guest of the evening. Beautiful women, with shoulders and arms bare except for the adornment of flashing jewels, are seated beside the sterner sex in evening suits, immaculate linen, diamond studs and cat's-eye or moonstone finger-rings. Seated at this banquet are women, the cost of whose toilets would, each one, make many another and less favored child of God in this work-a-day world

rich and free from carking care. A fortune flashes in a woman's hair, another around her neck, still another on the corsage of her robe and in the gemmed girdle encircling her waist, while the bill for her French imported gown called for a check with three or four ciphers after the significant figure.

Leaving our revelers to their oysters and soup, followed by viand after viand, obliging the use of dozens of silver plates that pass back and forth from table to pantry where the maid and her assistants stand over steaming water "washing up," let us take another peep below. At a first glance we might suppose that all the chefs in town had come to see the dinner through. The kitchen wears a bewildering aspect as these fraternal artists of the saucepan fly about in their white caps, jackets, and aprons. Swiftly to and fro they go, a set look on each face, every eye bright and keen—the credit of their art at stake. The intense heat of the kitchen is evident on the faces of the men and in the women's tired eyes. Quick, short words in French or English escape from time to time as the dumb-waiter ascends and descends in response to

calls from above or below, or as the butler's electric signal notifies of the new course called for in accordance with *menus* which epicures only one flight up are studying with a care worthy of a better object. As we have before intimated laundresses are sighing because the extra men have been turned into their department to don the "family livery," and perhaps, too, the butler may have taken the liberty of cooling his champagne in their porcelain tubs, for, of course, everything must succumb to the success of the dinner, and few houses, even of millionaire magnates, are properly fitted for the preparation of a large banquet. In the hot kitchen women are scouring pots and pans, kettles, and grid-irons, or waiting upon chefs who are veritable lords in that domain. One flight up silver and gold, diamonds and costly raiment—everything that ministers to the sense life and tends to deaden the spiritual nature. Below, tired, soiled, workers, the lower human stratum, *without which there could be no "upper crust."* In the pantry's stifling heat and steam, girls are crowded into the smallest possible space washing endless plates, knives, forks, spoons,

and dishes heaped about them after every course. Only a door and a tapestried screen, or at most one floor between the two scenes.

The oysters and soups have come and gone followed by many entrées and courses in their order. Dainty after dainty has been presented before each guest, tempting and often puzzling even the "regular diner-out," so disguised are they by Chef's artistic decorations.

Wine and champagne flow, Hygeia, Bethesda, or Apollinaris water promise immunity from that fashionable present day bugbear—indigestion. Olives and salads, salted nuts, and pure white celery hearts are within reach of all. At last come the much-needed cooling ices and tropical fruit. Later the moment arrives for our hostess and her women guests to withdraw, leaving the men to their "after dinner talk" while the fair sex sit negligently about in the gilded salon sipping café noir from exquisitely decorated tiny porcelain cups into which they drop clear, amber-like flakes of rock-candy, cut sugar being too clumsy for this post-prandial beverage. By and by the smokers return bringing with them

an odor of mingled wine and tobacco, not suggestive of sanctity—even if about a reverend divine. As eleven o'clock draws near, ladies'-maids place wonderful creations of satin and fur about the women's shoulders; and liveried men perform a like service for the men. In a little while the satin-slippered feet of these women, encased in softly wadded, fur-bordered carriage-boots, carry their owners, without a chill, out over the cold pavement to warmly upholstered carriages where, wrapped in sealskin robes, their feet resting upon hot-water foot-warmers, also fur-encased, they drive away home or to a ball. The groom at the curbstone joyfully shuts the last carriage door and speeds away to his room over the stables while the sound of rolling carriage-wheels dies away.

The hostess goes up a broad and thickly carpeted staircase to her beautiful dressing-room, where costly comfort and summer atmosphere reign supreme. The rich gown, taken away by a maid in waiting, is replaced by the warmest and softest of lace-trimmed wrappers, while the attendant removes the diamond tiara and confining pins preparatory

to giving her mistress' hair its nightly brushing. These preparations over, in creamy white silken, lace-trimmed and be-ribboned *robe de nuit* "my lady" lies down to rest in her soft bed under a brocaded canopy festooned gracefully above. Over herself she draws embroidered linen, soft rose-pink blanket and satin-covered down quilt—every article announcing her boundless wealth.

This feast is over, but to be followed by many more. The lights are nearly all out. Guests, the women at least, are probably at home resting in their warm luxurious beds or at a ball dancing into the small hours. Away down-stairs midnight has struck. Chefs have gone to their homes. The butler and his men having put away the silver and gold and closed the house are gladly seeking their rooms and "nature's sweet restorer." The pantry-maid and various housemaids who stood in the hot pantry "washing up," if there be no elevator for their use, have mounted slowly the narrow, uncarpeted backstairs, glad, too, at last to reach the top floor where their tired bodies will ere long be resting until the alarm clocks at their bedsides arouse them

to go about their early morning work. Later come the kitchen-maids, who have stood the livelong day below. Their strained and aching feet will scarcely do the duty required of them as the weary girls climb the long hard flights to reach their coveted beds, where they, too, cast themselves down to sleep until the peep of dawn, when they must hasten away downstairs to begin again their daily routine of existence in monotone. If dinners and balls have followed each other in such quick succession that working as hard as possible the house servants cannot get through, then we shall see a last solitary worker—the scrub-woman, who comes in late to clean halls and floors sadly needing unlimited soft soap and sapolio to remove the effects of many treading feet and all the continual droppings and trackings resulting from preparations for the various social functions crowded by some society leaders into one week. The poor bent worker goes silently about her lonely task. When it is done, the private watchman sees going out of the back entrance one whom he mentally designates as "all right," no burglar.

The weary woman goes back to her little

room in the tenement-house district. Slowly mounting the dark, foot-worn stairway at last she reaches the spot that she calls home,—bare, comfortless, and drear. Alone she lays aside her shawl and roll of dingy working clothes. Later she lies on her hard bed under a few old covers, those aching limbs huddled close to the tired body to keep any warmth from dispersing. For the same reason the rough hands with crooked, rheumatic fingers and broken nails, are held closely under the cover. With a long sigh she sinks to rest. Fortunately to the world's toilers sleep comes quickly. The room is cold. The old tin kettle and brown earthen teapot are as cold as the stove upon which they stand.

Late in the day the votary of Vanity Fair opens her eyes and sits propped by soft pillows while taking breakfast from a tray daintily arranged with her own little silver service. While leisurely sipping her coffee, eating the freshest of eggs, crisp toast, and tempting fruit, she glances at the morning paper. Then letters and invitations engage her attention. After sending a message to

the coachman, waiting below for orders, she rests awhile before going to the warm, perfumed bath awaiting her. Then, clothed in soft raiment and wrapped in a robe de chambre—its lace garniture falling like a cataract from her neck to the floor—she sits before her dressing bureau that is covered with toilette articles in silver or gold—some useful, some useless, though studded with precious stones. After the maid has arranged her hair the manicure is admitted. When the artist of the finger-nails has done her work the morning is far advanced. Soon in carriage-costume of velvet and costly fur—a cluster of fresh violets on her breast—our present heroine begins her usual round of shopping and calling, with sometimes a meeting—where, for sweet charity's sake, extravagantly clothed women discuss ways and means for administering, at the smallest possible cost, a few salves and plasters to the old, old malady. However—for earthly reasons, by man construed—"The poor have ye *always* with you,"—seems rather a reproach than a command.

During these charity meetings Society's dev-

otees soberly discuss economy. The problem of avoiding expense then puzzles heads adorned with French bonnets held in place by jeweled hat-pins.

At evening we find our lady gay arrayed once more for dinner, a ball, or the opera. Her splendor may outvie that of a night ago as she goes her way of pleasure-seeking again —scattering perfume, smiles, and the dazzling light of her flashing gems.

But long before Vanity Fair was astir our true heroine awoke to greet the early morning. Hurrying on her shabby clothes and hastily making a fire in the little stove—wasting not a stick or a lump of coal, she made a cup of tea which with a bit of dry bread served as her morning meal. Then—the room "tidied up a bit"—she hastened away in the bleak wintry air to her day's work.

From Monday morning until Saturday night, with only the noon-day rest, she follows one endless routine only varied by those much-dreaded days off when work is slack. But, *rent-day never fails.* The collector will surely call. For the wealthy owner of the tenement expects that portion of his income to reach

him promptly. Possibly the agent may collect for some rich Christian Church.

Work or no work that rent money must be ready or she and her few belongings will be upon the sidewalk.

CHAPTER XVI

IDEAL LIVING

"AN ideal is the most practical thing in the world; it is the force behind action that must be reckoned with by the frankest materialist."

Is ideal living possible? Yes, and no. None live up to the ideals of to-day. If it were otherwise they would cease to be ideals—for true ideals have their inception and abiding place in the mental realm, and are the fruit of aspiration and always beyond immediate realization. Every ideal actualized opens a vista disclosing fresh visions beckoning us on and on, higher and still higher. Therefore none of our present-day life can be, to those living in it, ideal. Much of it may be the actualization of some of our ancestors' unrealized hopes and dreams, regarded by many of their time as Utopian or absurd.

Even upon the material plane we now have in our every-day common experience what

would have been pronounced visionary and impossible of fulfilment a hundred or even fifty years ago.

May we not reasonably expect spiritual development to keep pace with material progress? Should it not do so? The first ocean steamer that crossed the Atlantic is said to have carried over upon its initial trip, a newly printed book, the type scarcely dry, written by a wiseacre of that time to prove conclusively —to his own satisfaction—the impossibility of such a trip. His strongest argument against Atlantic steamship navigation was the supposed impossibility of carrying enough coal on board the vessel for such a long voyage. Who reads or cares about that book or its fossilized author now?

Is it not true that only those who are possessed by ideals and are striving for their realization may be said to live or to have life? Others simply exist, vegetate. Without its idealists the world would long ago have stagnated. "Where there is no vision the people perish." Ideals are the vivifying influences, the breath of life for men and women and nations. We have had, for about two thousand

years, a Christian Ideal, but never yet by mankind has the actualization of the Christian life been accomplished. A grand old pagan centuries ago was full of ideals. We read the words of Marcus Aurelius to-day and wonder when—if ever—his noble thoughts will become a part of the thought and lives of those "who profess and call themselves Christians." Undeniably true is it also that the lofty ideals of other, so-called, pagans have yet to find expression in the life of Christian nations. Therefore one may be permitted to advocate the cultivation of ideals tending toward fine living in its truest sense without being subjected to severe censure because of failure to practise all that one preaches. We know that only through aspiration for, and striving after what is better than our present best is advancement in any direction possible. This generation is now reaping the benefit of ideals held by the true nobility of the past. Every nation, every age has had, and still has, its visionary ones—its prophets and seers—lonely torch-bearers marching forward, blazing the way, seldom esteemed by the powerful of their own day, receiving scant respect, or none

at all, from their conservative and orthodox contemporaries. Nevertheless, they have proved themselves the brightest stars that illumine history's pages—lights upon the pathway of posterity toward all that is worthy the name of progress.

Then, surely it will be acknowledged that a legacy of ideals is an invaluable bequest from one age to the next; and since the nation is made up of families and the highest family life must ever precede and prepare the way for the highest national life, are not ideals vitally important? Fortunate, indeed, is it for us all that fine living in its essence depends upon the *quality* of our thought, our ideals, far more than upon a large bank account. Were it otherwise the vision would fade, the nation would perish.

Housekeeping and *home*-keeping will be synonymous terms when the spirit infused throughout their management has always the inspiration of ideals. Without such inspiration there can be no *home*-keeping, and housekeeping becomes a business as grovelling as any sordid bull or bear of Wall Street was ever engaged in. No place—however luxurious

its appointments may be—can claim the title of Home if any of those dwelling under its roof are made to feel that though necessary and useful to it they must ever remain as strangers and sojourners within its doors. The simplest ménage occupying a tiny flat may be so conducted that those who are participants in its life will love it and feel that home is indeed there; while the most sumptuous establishment crowded with everything money can secure, may yet be void of the most desirable but unpurchasable attributes—mutual respect and love between all of its inmates. By all means let us have more and more beautiful houses, but let them not be merely residences where the larger part of the household, no matter how useful and faithful their service, are regarded only as machines.

Our present-day, far from ideal, social condition is manifested in the numerous comfortless homes throughout the length and breadth of this land, and also, by the many poverty-stricken districts where human beings are barely sheltered. The crowded tenements of our largest and wealthiest cities, irrefutably testify against all our boasted civilization.

No one presumes to deny their existence; many regard the general disorder of things inevitable. It is unquestionably the natural result of causes set in motion by man. Just as long as the causes are continued just so long their legitimate results will follow.

What must be the dominating thought of the ruling class where men and women and little children are permitted, or obliged, to swelter and faint in summer, or starve and freeze in winter—their crowded tenements owned by the rich and well-to-do,—even owned by wealthy church-corporations that must be *watched* and *compelled* to conform to laws of sanitation? Some of these tenements are but a few minutes' walk from splendid churches or palatial mansions, often for months at a time left empty except for the presence of a private watchman or care-taker. Future and more highly developed generations will characterize this proud, material age as barbaric.

No house approaches the ideal, even in externals, unless pervaded by cleanliness and order. No house, however perfect in this respect, can be finely kept if its attractive aspect is due to the drudgery of any one or more of

its inmates. Living is fine where there is healthful, reasonable work with just wages for all, and hard unremitting labor for none; where the spirit of kindliness and *mutual* respect rules throughout the entire establishment; above all where, as years roll on, a friendship grows up between mistress and maid, between master and man. It will become ideal only when every employee can feel assured that after faithful service, come weal come woe, his or her interest will be considered as well as that of the employer.

A good and faithful employer is usually able to secure good and faithful service—possibly not always yet, as a rule. Moreover, the faithful ones look after the interest of master or mistress, and soon discover when there is one in their midst capable of taking undue advantage of a generous employer.

Some years ago a good mistress, who had done her best for the comfort of those in her service, met with a series of reverses that for a time embarrassed her movements. While she was quietly considering what plan to pursue until extricated from her financial difficulty, and unaware that her trouble was sus-

pected by her servants, a woman who had been a long time in the house went to her and said—almost as if asking a favor—"Miss ———, I have some money in the bank. I don't want it; you take it and use it. I'll work for you all the same." She was followed, a little later, by a man who had also been some time in the same employ. "Miss ———, I don't need any wages. Let me stay and work for you. Just give me a few clothes now and then; I don't need much." When repeating these offers and other like incidents in connection with her trouble, the lady said,—"I was never so touched in all my life." Happily her financial crisis was not of long duration. The woman stayed on until she married and went to a home of her own, and now again she is living with her former mistress,—married life did not prove all her fancy had painted it. The man remained years in her service. Neither one ever lost a dollar through their generous recognition of her goodness.

A little while ago a lady, who is not now as well off as she has been, but who for years has taken good care of an old and faithful serv-

ant—renting for her two nice rooms in a pleasant, healthful neighborhood, and also supporting her entirely—remarked, "O, I would go without, myself, sooner than not take good care of Katy." And she does necessarily economize carefully, but Katy's little home and comforts are secure.

A great thinker of to-day says:—"Luxury is attained by naught else than the enslaving of man; the moment there is slavery luxury augments: the increase of luxury inevitably drags with it the increase of slavery, because only hungry, cold, want-driven people will all their lives do what is unnecessary for themselves but necessary for the amusement of their rulers."

As we cannot confine physical disease-germs to any lower strata of the human family because the atmospheric currents circle round unhindered and are no respecters of persons or purses, so through thought vibrations—also circling in currents everywhere, no human being can suffer in mind, body, or estate, without consequent suffering to the entire human family—although it may not assail any two in precisely the same form.

Disease, crime, and anarchy would be unknown were there no fertilizing social conditions out of which they all spring up and flourish like noxious weeds.

The solidarity of the race permits no one to rise spiritually, through whose selfishness and culpable neglect the development of any others is stunted or in any way hindered.

Life is a unit. The race is a unit. Oneness reigns supreme—in the visible as well as in the invisible realm.

Simply stated, the only thing that will transform housekeeping into fine living is "To do justly and to love mercy," for in so doing and so loving we shall make room and opportunity for all to be not only useful, but also happy; not only to be roofed, but under every roof to find a home;—room and opportunity not only to see visions and dream dreams, but also, at least in a measure, to enjoy their actualization, and therefore steadily continue to formulate higher and higher ideals with reference to the life of service, and that other life far more inimical to character building—*the life of being served.*

CHAPTER XVII

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES

THESE tried recipes will prove true to the faithful user. Like principle, a recipe demands fidelity at every step; and may not, with impunity, be tampered with.

1. TO JUDGE THE HEAT OF AN OVEN.

Put a little flour in on the bottom and slides—half a teaspoonful at each place. Close the door until two minutes by the clock have elapsed, then look. If the flour has become a yellow-brown the oven is ready for ordinary baking—bread, plain cake, sponge-cake, etc.

For a quick oven the flour should turn as above in one minute and a half. This is a good oven for pastry or quick biscuit.

If for slow baking, the browning of flour should take two and a half or three minutes.

But remember, the oven must, in all cases, be *steady*.

Many good ingredients, well mixed, are spoiled, *in the baking*, because the cook uses no judgment.

For all baking and cooking one must pay close attention. *When the oven is right, keep it so.*

2. BREAD WITHOUT KNEADING.

Scald one pint of milk.

Add one teaspoonful of salt.

Two even table-spoonfuls of granulated sugar.

When tepid add three-fourths of a yeast-cake dissolved in warm water. Gradually stir in *well-sifted flour*, until the dough does not run back to the sides of the pan.

Set it in a warm place until risen to double the original

height. Put into pans, filling them less than half full. Let it rise once more to double itself.

Bake in an oven tested with a pinch of flour that has browned to a light shade in two minutes by the clock—no hotter, no cooler.

It bakes in thirty to thirty-five minutes.

3. GRAHAM BREAD.

Warm water	1 pint.
Corn-meal	½ a coffee-cup.
White flour	2 cups.
Yeast	¾ cake soaked in warm water.
Salt	1 teaspoonful.
Sugar	½ cup.
Soda	1 teaspoonful dissolved in hot water.
Graham flour, quantity later.	

At night set a sponge with the warm water, white flour, yeast, and salt, well mixed. Cover and leave in a warm place over night.

In the morning add the corn-meal, sugar, and soda.

Mix well and stir in gradually enough Graham flour to make a rather stiff dough. Fill pans less than half full. Set in a warm place to rise until it doubles in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven.

4. CORN BREAD.

Corn-meal	2 cups.
White flour, sifted,	2 cups.
Eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately,	5.
Sugar, granulated,	½ cup.
Butter, melted,	the size of an egg.
Baking-powder	4 teaspoons rising full.
Salt	1 even teaspoonful.
Milk	1 pint.

Scald the milk and pour, *while hot*, over the corn-meal, beating well. Add salt, sugar, and melted butter, stir.

When cool add the well-beaten yolks of the eggs. Stir well. Next add the whites of the eggs whisked stiff. Mix the baking-powder through the *dry* flour. Add this *last of all*, when pans are buttered, and *oven* is *ready*. Bake immediately, for twenty minutes, in an oven that has colored flour yellow-brown in two minutes.

5. OATMEAL CAKE.

Oatmeal	½ pound.
Butter	the size of a walnut.
Salt	¼ teaspoonful.
Cold water	to make a soft dough.

Begin to make these cakes half an hour before they are to be baked, as time is required for the dough to absorb the water.

Roll out the meal to make it more like flour. Use plenty of water. Knead the dough well, the more the better, mixing in the butter and salt.

To bake: throw the mixture into the pan in small quantities (as flour is sometimes thrown in sideways, to prevent something from burning).

It should be in small splashes about a table-spoonful in each place, far enough apart not to run together.

Bake in a moderate oven until crisp.

6. VELVET CAKES.

Flour, sifted,	1 quart.
Sweet milk	1 pint.
Sugar	½ cup.
Egg	1.
Butter	1 table-spoonful.
Baking-powder	3 even teaspoonfuls.

Beat the egg thoroughly. Add sugar, melted butter and milk—and last of all the flour, into which the baking-powder has been mixed. Beat thoroughly and bake twenty minutes in buttered gem-pans.

Either white flour or Graham may be used in this recipe.

7. CHICAGO ROLLS.

Butter	2 table-spoonfuls.
Sugar	2 table-spoonfuls.
Milk	¾ pint.
Yeast, compressed,	⅓ cake.
Flour	for a thick batter.

Heat the milk and add butter and sugar. When the mixture is tepid dissolve the yeast in it, adding flour to make a soft dough.

Let it rise over night or half a day. In rolling out use little or no flour. The rolls may be made round, oblong, or crescent shape, and should be far enough apart in the pan to remain separate, insuring an all-over crust. Wipe them over with a brush dipped in melted butter and set to rise for half an hour. Bake in a quick oven.

These rolls are nice made of whole-wheat flour, for a change.

8. A THREE-DOLLAR RECIPE FOR WAFFLES.

Thick sweet cream	1 quart.
Sweet milk	1 pint.
Flour, sifted,	1 quart.
Baking-powder	½ teaspoonful.
Salt	¼ teaspoonful.
Sugar	1 teaspoonful.
Eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately,	6.

Throw together milk, sugar, and salt. Beat yolks of eggs and add cream and well-whisked whites—stiff. Beat well and add milk, etc. Mix the baking-powder through the flour before stirring all together. The mixture should be a thick batter. Bake in well-buttered, hot waffle-irons.

9. CREAM OF CLAMS.

Clams	1 pint after being opened.
All juice saved.	
Milk	1 pint.
Butter	1 table-spoonful.
Flour, sifted,	1 table-spoonful.
Salt	to taste.
Pepper	to taste.
Nutmeg	to taste.

Wash the clams in the broth, then strain clear and clean. Simmer clams in clear broth for five minutes. Strain from the broth and chop them fine. Heat milk, add to the broth and set over to heat. Blend the flour in a little cold milk and stir it into the hot broth until it thickens.

Add clams and seasoning. Boil up once and serve.

10. CHICKEN AND SAGO SOUP.

Chicken	2 pounds.
Cold water	2 quarts.
Best pearl sago, soaked in a cup of cold water,	2 table-spoonfuls.
Cream or rich milk	1 teacupful.
Egg yolk beaten light	1.

After the chicken has served for dinner, boil all the bones in the water in which the chicken was boiled, stewing down until the broth is rich enough. Strain and, if necessary, season. Stir in the cooked sago, having previously warmed it by setting for half an hour in a saucepan of boiling water, stirring from time to time. Simmer the soup for half an hour, taking care that it does not burn. Stir in the cream and beaten egg; bring to a boil and serve.

11. POTATO SOUP (1).

Potatoes, large,	6.
Onion, medium-sized,	1.
Milk	3 pints, scalding hot.
Butter	the size of a small egg.
Celery	3 stalks, or a few tops.
Pepper	a pinch.
Salt	2 teaspoonfuls.

Boil together potatoes, celery, and sliced onion. Pour off the water. Mash the potato through a colander, using a little of the *hot* milk, to make the mashing process easier. Add the potato to the scalded milk, also the butter, pepper, and salt. Boil up once and serve. Celery-salt or extract may be used instead of fresh celery.

12. POTATO SOUP (2).

Potatoes, peeled and washed clean,	4 large ones.
Milk	1 quart.
Butter	the size of a small egg.
Salt	1 teaspoonful, level.
Pepper	a pinch.
A slice of lemon.	
Fresh celery or celery-salt	as below.

Boil the potatoes tender. Save the water. Mash potatoes through a colander into the water. Use a little of the water to make the process easier. Scald the milk and add a slice of lemon, salt and pepper. Throw all together and boil up once. Add the butter. A teaspoonful of celery-salt or a few stalks of celery cut up small are thrown into the tureen just before the soup is poured in.

13. MOCK BISQUE SOUP.

Tomatoes	1 quart.
Milk	1 quart.
Soda	1 salt-spoon, level.
Butter	the size of a small egg.
Salt	1 teaspoonful, level.
Pepper	1 salt-spoon, level.
Corn-starch	2 table-spoons, rounding.
Mace, if liked,	a small pinch.

Scald and strain the tomatoes. Scald the milk in a separate vessel. Blend the corn-starch in a little of the milk reserved cold for that purpose. Stir the blended corn-starch into the scalding milk until thick and smooth. Add the butter. Throw soda, salt, pepper, and mace into tomatoes before straining, when put over to scald.

Finally throw the thickened milk and the scalded, strained tomatoes together. Boil up once and serve.

14. TO ROAST BEEF.

The oven should be very quick at first and cooled off somewhat as beef begins to roast.

Allow for every pound of beef fifteen minutes—and an extra fifteen minutes for the oven, when the roast is large.

The prime factor in roasting is to baste often. And never, never have a drop of water in the pan. Baste with the beef's own juice and fat. Begin basting as soon as the juice is in the pan. Continue every ten minutes until the beef is done.

To judge if it be done, drive a long, sharp knife into the thickest portion. If it is brown outside and pink below, with the juice following the knife, it is done. Most people like rare beef. Few want it raw.

In roasting a saddle or loin of mutton cook the same time as beef. To roast a leg of mutton requires one hour and a quarter.

Lamb should be cooked an hour and a half; veal two hours and three-quarters; pork three hours.

Ten minutes before serving dinner turn the gravy into a saucepan, skim off all the fat, let it come to a boil; thicken with one table-spoonful of flour, blended with half a cupful of cold water. Season and cook three minutes.

15. BAKED POTATOES.

Select potatoes of uniform size, with skins as perfect as possible. Wash very clean and bake in a quick oven.

When done, strike each potato, to crack it open. This permits the escape of steam and keeps them dry and mealy. Otherwise they are likely to become soggy and unfit to eat.

16. CREAMED POTATOES.

Potatoes, boiled, peeled, and sliced,	1 quart.
Milk	1 pint.
Butter	the size of a small egg.
Salt	1 even teaspoonful.
Pepper	a sprinkling.
Flour	as directed.

Slice the potatoes thin or cut into small cubes, sprinkling well with flour, which should be stirred all through. Add them to the milk, which should be boiling hot. Add butter and stew carefully, stirring often, until creamy in consistency. Sprinkle with pepper before serving.

17. POTATO PUFF.

To each pint of mashed potato add one teaspoonful of melted butter, two well-beaten eggs, half a cup of sweet cream or milk, and seasoning.

Beat thoroughly and bake in gem-pans or in a deep dish, browning delicately.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES

18. COD-FISH BALLS.

Raw Cod-fish	1 pint.
Small potatoes, peeled,	1 quart.
Eggs	2.
Butter	the size of 2 eggs.
Pepper	a pinch.
Boiling water	as below.

Pick fish very fine and measure lightly in pint measure.

Place potatoes raw in kettle, fish on top.

Cover with boiling water and boil for half an hour.

Drain off all water. Mash potatoes and fish together until fine and light. Add butter and pepper.

Have eggs well beaten and add to the mixture when it is just warm, *not hot*. Have ready a kettle of boiling lard. With a table-spoon—first dipped in the hot lard—take some of the mixture and drop into the boiling lard, cooking like doughnuts.

Dip spoon each time. Do not crowd the balls. Keep the lard boiling, or wait until it does boil before dropping in a ball. Remove with a skimmer, laying on brown paper in a pan which should be standing in a warm place. Serve on a platter with a napkin between the balls and dish.

19. PASTRY.

Best pastry-flour, sifted,	1 pound.
Best butter	1 pound divided into 3 parts.
Best butter	the size of an egg.
Lard	the size of an egg.

Cold water enough to make a tender dough to roll out.

Mix flour, water, and lard with the small piece of butter cut into fine pieces.

Roll out on a marble paste-slab, handling as little as possible. Cut one of three parts of the pound of butter into small pieces and spread all over the rolled-out dough. Fold and roll out—or rather *beat* out with the rolling-pin.

Repeat three times until all the butter has been used, beating the dough down flat each time. Roll up and put on a cold plate in the ice-box for at least an hour. Roll out twice, simply wetting with cold water, when flat, instead of butter as before. Pastry must be kept cold until just before rolling out to bake.

When baked alone pastry requires a quick fire. When used *filled* the oven should be quick at first and then cooled a little—to be moderate.

20. CHEESE-STRAWS.

Flour	1 cupful.
Cheese	1 cupful.
Butter	2 oz.
Egg	1.
Salt	1 salt-spoonful.
Cayenne	a dash.

Mix flour, cheese, butter, salt, and cayenne. Add the yolk of the egg. If this does not moisten the mixture enough to make into a paste use part of the white also.

Roll out very thin. Cut into narrow strips five inches long.

Place the straws in a baking-pan and grate cheese over them.

Bake in a moderate oven. Serve cold with salad.

21. HERMITS.

Sugar	2 cups.
Butter	1 cup.
Raisins, stoned and chopped,	1 cup.
Eggs	3.
Soda, dissolved in 3 table-spoonfuls of milk,	½ teaspoonful.
Nutmeg, grated,	1.
Cinnamon	1 teaspoonful.
Cloves	1 teaspoonful.
Flour	5 cups.

Use four cups of flour in mixing and one cup in rolling out the cakes, which should be quite thin. Bake in rather a quick oven.

22. LEMON JUMBLES.

Butter	½ cup.
Sugar	1 cup.
Egg	1.
Lemon	1, juice and grated rind.
Milk	3 teaspoonfuls.
Baking-powder	1½ teaspoonfuls.

Use enough flour to make a dough that can be rolled out very thin.

Cut with a doughnut cutter so that jumbles will be in rings.

These require a quick oven.

23. CRULLERS.

Butter	1 cup.
Sugar	2 cups.
Eggs	4.
Milk	½ cup.
Lemon	1, juice and grated rind.
Baking-powder	2 teaspoonfuls.

Use flour to make a soft dough, just stiff enough to roll and cut out. Cut with a jagging iron into longish diamond shapes, with two lengthwise slits in each—twist and fry in hot lard.

24. SPONGE-CAKE.

The great secret in making sponge-cake is not to get in too much flour—and to have what is used sifted at least three times.

Eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately,	9 large ones.
Sugar, powdered,	2 tumblers, rising full.
Flour	1⅓ tumblers.
Lemon, large, grated rind and juice,	1.
Salt	1 teaspoonful, level.
Soda	½ salt-spoonful, level.

In a large bowl beat the yolks well. Add sugar and salt. Beat well again.

Whisk the whites until they can be turned upside down without loss.

They must stick, not slide at all.

Stir them into the beaten yolks and sugar. Beat well.

Add grated lemon-rind, and juice with soda stirred into it just as it is going into the mixture, while effervescing.

Last of all, when cake has been well beaten, stir in the flour lightly, *all at once, no beating.* Better not to have every bit of flour mixed in than to stir too much after it is in the mixture.

Have oven ready, also pans well buttered with nice paper linings. Bake in a steady oven that will color a pinch of flour a light yellow-brown in two minutes by the clock. Do not permit it to get any hotter. Sponge-cake worth eating cannot be carelessly made, nor trifled with when baking. Watch it. Open and close the oven-door gently. Do not move the cake. If it browns too quickly check the oven and cover the pans with nice brown wrapping-paper. Bake from thirty-five to forty minutes. Try with a clean straw or knitting-needle. When this comes out clean, it is done. Handle gently. Separate into slices with two silver forks. Never cut sponge-cake with a knife.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES

25. FRUIT-CAKE.

Butter	1½ pound.
Sugar	1½ pound.
Flour, well sifted,	1½ pound.
Eggs	18.
Molasses	1 teacupful.
Licorice water	½ coffee-cupful.
Rose water	3 teaspoonfuls.
Brandy	1 gill.
Sherry	1 gill.
Cinnamon	1 table-spoonful.
Cloves	1 table-spoonful.
Allspice	1 teaspoonful.
Nutmeg, grated,	1½.
Raisins, seeded,	4 pounds.
Dante currants	4 pounds.
Citron, cut fine,	2 pounds.

Flour all the fruit with some of the above measure of flour.

Mix butter and sugar together until light, add beaten yolks of eggs, molasses, all liquids and spices, then whites of eggs whisked to a stiff froth that will not slide when the dish is turned. Mix well. Add the flour and floured fruit.

Bake in a slow oven two and a half hours.

This will make three loaves of moderate size.

26. POUND-CAKE.

Sugar, powdered,	½ pound.
Butter	¼ pound.
Eggs, whites and yolks separated,	4.
Flour, sifted three times,	5 ounces.
Nutmeg, grated,	1.

Mix butter and sugar together until smooth.

Add beaten yolks and stir well.

Beat in the whites whisked stiff. Last add the nutmeg and flour.

Bake fully forty-five minutes in an oven the same as for sponge-cake. This keeps well for a week in a covered stone jar.

27. PLAIN CAKE.

Butter	¾ teacup.
Sugar, granulated,	2½ teacups.
Flour	4 teacups, level.
Eggs	3.
Lemon, grated rind and juice,	1.
Soda, dissolved in sweet milk,	1 teaspoon, level, in one teacup of milk.
Salt	1 teaspoon, level.

Wash the butter and beat with the sugar. Add the well-beaten yolks of eggs, milk and soda, then the whites of the eggs whisked stiff, grated lemon-rind and salt. Mix well. Last, add the lemon-juice and flour. Be sure to have oven and pans *ready before adding flour* to the mixture. Try the oven with "two-minute" flour.

28. MAYONNAISE SALAD DRESSING. (1.)

Dry mustard	1 teaspoon, rising full.
Salt	1 teaspoon, even.
Cayene pepper	1 small pinch.
Lemon-juice	2 table-spoons and 1½ teaspoons.
Olive-oil	2 teacups.
Egg, white and yolk,	1, raw chilled before using.

1. Mix mustard, salt, and pepper with the one and a half teaspoonfuls of lemon-juice, to a smooth paste.

2. In a two-quart bowl beat the egg a little to mix the white and yolk. Stir in the ingredients included in No. 1.

3. With the left hand steady the bowl and pour in, *at first* drop by drop, the oil, beating the mixture constantly.

4. When one cup of oil has been taken up by the egg and

the mixture is smooth as cream, gradually but more rapidly, stir in the second cup. Watch to be sure that the oil previously added is thoroughly blended before pouring in more.

The dressing should be the consistency of thick batter.

5. Last of all add the two table-spoonfuls of lemon-juice, a little at a time.

Put in a self-sealing jar and set by the ice. It will keep for weeks in a cold place.

29. CREAM DRESSING FOR SALADS. (2.)

Sweet cream, perfectly fresh,	1 cup.
Corn-starch or fine flour	1 table-spoonful.
Eggs, whites,	2, beaten stiff.
Vinegar	3 table-spoonfuls.
Olive-oil	2 table-spoonfuls.
or	
Butter, melted,	4 table-spoonfuls.
Powdered sugar	2 teaspoonfuls.
Prepared mustard	1 teaspoonful.
Salt	1 teaspoonful, scant.
Pepper	½ teaspoonful.

Heat the cream almost to boiling; stir in the corn-starch, previously wet with cold milk. Boil two minutes, stirring all the time. Add the sugar and take from the fire. When half cold beat in the whipped whites of eggs. When quite cold whip in the oil, pepper, mustard, and salt, and if the salad is to be prepared at once add the vinegar and pour the dressing over. This is especially nice for lettuce.

30. DRESSING FOR CABBAGE. (3.)

Egg	1.
Sugar	⅓ cup.
Mustard or celery-salt, or of each,	1 teaspoonful.
Vinegar	⅓ cup.
Cream, sweet or sour,	1 cup.
Butter	size of large hickory-nut.
Salt	½ teaspoonful.
Pepper	a pinch.

Heat cream as in No. 2, adding butter and sugar. Beat egg, add vinegar, mustard, pepper, salt, and—if used—celery-salt, blending smoothly. Add to the hot cream and stir until it cooks thick and smooth. Shave half a small hard cabbage. Over it pour the dressing, hot, and mix lightly with a silver fork. Chill in the refrigerator before serving.

31. OMELETTE.

Eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately,	3.
Milk	a wine-glass.
Salt	a salt-spoonful.

Have ready a hot pan well buttered. Beat the yolks well. Add the milk—then the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Turn it into the hot pan, stirring a little *at first*. Avoid cooking too much. Have it tender. Slide spatula under and double omelette once. Pepper and serve on a *hot* platter immediately. It must be eaten at once. ***Better to let the table wait for the omelette than to have the omelette stand to grow heavy.***

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES

32. FONDU.

Stale bread, according to size,	6 or 8 slices.
Cheese, grated,	½ cup.
Eggs	2.
Milk	1 pint.
Salt	1 teaspoonful, even.

Butter a pudding-dish, and line the bottom and sides with slices of buttered bread, sprinkled with cheese, more buttered bread, and more cheese until dish is nearly full. Beat the eggs, add salt and stir into the milk. Pour the mixture over the bread and bake to a delicate brown in a quick oven. Eat immediately.

33. GRAHAM PUDDING.

Molasses	1 cup.
Raisins, chopped,	1 cup.
Egg	1.
Milk, sweet,	1 cup.
Soda, dissolved in the milk, added last of all,	½ teaspoonful.
Graham flour, sifted,	2 cups.
Nutmeg, grated,	½ teaspoonful.

Steam three hours. Eat with sweet cream or with a sauce made as follows: Melt one table-spoonful of butter and add one cup of sugar, and three cups of boiling water. Thicken with two table-spoonfuls of flour. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla.

34. RUSSIAN PLUM PUDDING.

French prunes, cooked soft and mashed through a colander,	1 pound.
Pulverized sugar	4 table-spoonfuls.
Eggs, beaten whites only,	6.

Mix lightly together and bake just fifteen minutes. Eat immediately, with or without cream.

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1. TO KEEP RED ANTS AWAY.

Leave pieces of gum camphor about, where they come. They do not approve of it, and will retire, leaving the camphor victor.

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Use it on all unseen wood-work of the infested beds. Remember those insects never find *permanent* lodgment in clean places. Their unheeded presence punctuates and publishes careless housekeeping. The hospitality of a well-kept house is never extended to them.

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